THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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TERMS.—*Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper* THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $5; Eight copies (and one *gratis*), $12; Twenty (and one *gratis*), $20. One copy each of The Lady's Friend and The Post, $3.

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☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ Worship.—In this country there is probably every kind of worship carried on somewhere that is to be found in any part of the world, for our population is made up of the odds and ends of all nations, and they bring their forms of worship with them. In California there are two temples for the worship of heathen idols.

THE RECALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY SARAH A. DYER.

Come back to us, Bayard, Bayard,
From the golden shrine of the years.
Thou knight so pure and noble,
Unstained by coward fears.
Come, for the world is weary
Of shame, and sorrow, and crime,
Weary of waiting for heroes
That gladdened the olden time.

Come, for the hearts of the nations
Aloft through the quivering air,
Are sending up to the Father,
A ceaseless, sorrowful prayer.
Come, for the clank of fetters
Breaks heavily on our ears,
And the sullen drum's low thunder
Sounds over the clash of the spears.

Are Honor and Virtue perished?
Is Truth but a meaningless name?
Have the grand old glories faded,
That filled the world with flame?
Where, oh where are the heroes
That thrill our souls to-day,
Like those whose voices whisper
From history's annals gray?

Then come to us, Bayard, Bayard,
For the world is growing old,
And the pulse of life's spring-time throbs not
Throughout its veins so cold.
And deathless faith and devotion
Are dreams of the days gone by,
When men lived nearer to Heaven,
And angels spoke from on high!

Fall River, Wis.

A MYSTERIOUS WRECK.—[See Story on Fourth Page]

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART V.

NEAL'S CURIOSITY.

They sat around the dinner table: Dr. Davenal, Miss Bettina, Sara, and Caroline. It was an unusually silent table. Dr. Davenal could not digest the demand of Mr. Cray for Caroline; Caroline was conscious and timid; Sara scented something not altogether comfortable in the air and did not raise her eyes from her plate; and it was one of the unusually deaf days of Miss Bettina.

Neal moved about noiselessly. Being a treasure of a servant, of course he always did move noiselessly. Quite an artistic performance was Neal's waiting: in his own person he did the waiting of three; and so tranquilly assiduous was his mode of accomplishing it, so perfect indeed were Neal's ways in the household, that Miss Bettina rarely let a day pass without sounding his praise.

Strange to say, the doctor did not like him. Why it was, or how it was, he could not tell, but he had never taken heartily to Neal. So strong was the feeling, that it may almost be said he hated Neal; and yet the man fulfilled all his duties so well that there was no fault to be found with him, no excuse found for discharging him. The doctor's last indoor man had not been anything like so efficient a servant as Neal, was not half so fine a gentleman, had ten faults were Neal did not appear to have one. But the doctor had liked *him*, good, rough, honest old Giles, had kept him for many years, and only parted with him when he got too old to work. Then Neal presented himself. Neal had once lived with Lady Oswald: he had been groom of the chambers at Thorndyke in Sir John's time, and Lady Oswald kept him for a twelvemonth after Sir John's death, and nearly cried when she parted with him, but Neal refused point-blank to go out with the carriage, and Lady Oswald did not wish to keep on three men servants. Neal found a place in London, and they lost sight of him for some years; but he made his appearance at Lady Oswald's again one day—having come down by the new railroad to see what change it had made in the old place and to pay his respects to my lady.—My lady was gratified by the attention, and inquired what he was doing. He had left his situation, he answered, and he had come thoughts of trying for one in the country: my lady was aware, no doubt, how close and smoky London was, and he found that it had told upon his health: if he could hear of a quiet place in the country he believed he might be induced to take it: however disadvantageous it might be to him in a pecuniary point of view. Did my lady happen to know of one? My lady did happen to know of one: Dr. Davenal's, who was then parting with old Giles. She thought it would be the very place for Neal; Neal the very man for the place: and in the propensity for managing other people's business, which was as strong upon Lady Oswald as it is upon many more of us, she ordered her carriage and drove to Dr. Davenal's, and never left him until he had promised Neal the situation.

In good truth, Dr. Davenal deemed that Neal would suit him very well, provided he could bring his notions down to the place; and that, as Lady Oswald said, Neal intended to do. But to be groom of the chambers to a nobleman who kept his score or so of servants (for that was understood to have been Neal's situation in town), and to be sole indoor man-servant to a doctor, keeping three maids only besides, and the coachman in the stables, would be a wide gulf of a difference. Neal, however, accepted the place, and Dr. Davenal took him on the recommendation of Lady Oswald, without referring to the nobleman in town.

But even in the very preliminary interview when the engagement was made, Dr. Davenal felt a dislike steal over him for the man. Instinct would have prompted him to say "You will not suit me;" reason overpowered it, and whispered, "He will prove an excellent servant;" and Dr. Davenal engaged him. That was just before Richard went out to Barbadoes, and ever since then the doctor had been saying to himself how full of prejudice was his dislike, considering the excellent servant that Neal proved to be. But he could not overget the prejudice.

Neal cleared the table when the dinner was over, and placed the dessert upon it. Dr. Davenal did not care for dessert; deemed it waste of time to sit at it; waste of eating to partake of it: but Miss Bettina, who favored most of the customs and fashions of her girlhood, would as soon have thought of dispensing with her dinner. Dr. Davenal generally withdrew with the cloth; sometimes, if not busy, he stayed a few minutes to chat with his daughter and Caroline; but calls on his time and services were made after dinner as well as before it.

On this day he did not leave his place.—He sat at the foot of the large table, Miss Davenal opposite him at its head, the young ladies between them, one on each side. Interrupted by Lady Oswald in the afternoon, he had not yet spoken to Caroline; and that he was preparing to do now.

He drew his chair near to her, and began in a low tone. Sara rose soon, and quitted the room; Miss Davenal was deaf: they were, so to say, alone.

"My dear, Mr. Cray is not the man I would have preferred to choose for you. Are you aware how very small is the income he derives from his partnership with me?"

Caroline caught up the glistening damask dessert napkin, and began pulling out the threads of its fringe.

"His prospects are very fair, Uncle Richard."

"Fair enough, insomuch as that he may enjoy the whole of this practice in time. But that time may be long in coming, Caroline; twenty years hence, for all we know. I shall be but seventy then, and my father at seventy was as good a man as I am now."

Her fingers pulled nervously at the fringe, and she did not raise her eyes.

"I hope you will live much longer than that, Uncle Richard."

"So long as I live, Caroline, and retain my health and strength, so long shall I pursue my practice and take its largest share of profits. Mr. Cray understood that perfectly when I admitted him to a small share as a partner. I did it for his sake, to give him a standing. I had no intention of taking a partner; I wished only for an assistant, but out of regard to his prospects, to give him a footing I say, I let him have a trifling share, suffered it to be known in Hallingham that he was made a partner of by Dr. Davenal. He has but two hundred pounds a year from me."

"It does not cost much to live," said Caroline. "We need not keep many servants."

Dr. Davenal paused, feeling that she was hopelessly inexperienced.

"My dear, what do you suppose it costs us to live as we do?—here, in this house?"

"Ever so much," was Caroline's lucid answer.

"It costs me something like twelve hundred a year, Caroline, and I have no house rent to pay."

She did not answer. Miss Davenal's sharp eyes caught sight of Caroline's damaging fingers, and she called out to know what she was doing with the dessert napkin. Caroline laid it on the table beside her plate.

"I cannot afford to increase Mr. Cray's salary very much," continued Dr. Davenal. "To reduce my own style of living I do not feel inclined, and Edward draws rather largely upon me. Extravagant chaps, are those young officers!" added the doctor, falling into abstraction. "There's not one of them, as I believe, makes his pay suffice."

He paused. Caroline took up a biscuit and began crumbling it on her plate.

"The very utmost that I could afford to give him would be four hundred per annum," resumed Dr. Davenal; "and I believe that I shall inconvenience myself to do this. But that's not it. There—"

"Oh, Uncle Richard, it is ample. Four hundred a year! We could not spend it."

He shook his head at the impulsive interruption; at its unconscious ignorance.

"Caroline, I was going to say that the mere income is not all the question. If you marry Mr. Cray, he can make no settlement upon you; more than that, he has no home, no furniture. I think he has been precipitate; inconsiderately so; few men would ask a young lady to be their wife until they had a house to take her to; or money in hand to procure one."

Caroline's eyes filled with tears. She had hard work to keep them from dropping.

"Caroline," he said, caressingly, "is it quite *irrevocable*, this attachment?"

The tears went down on the crumbled biscuit. She murmured some words which the doctor but imperfectly caught; only just sufficiently so to gather that it *was* irrevocable—or that at any rate the young lady thought so. He sighed.

"Listen to me, child. I should never, never attempt to oppose your inclinations; I should not think of forbidding any marriage that you had set your heart upon. If you have fixed on Mr. Cray, or he on you—it comes to the same—I will not set my will against it. But one thing I must urge upon you both—to wait."

"Do you dislike Mr. Cray, Uncle Richard?"

"Dislike him! no, child. Have I not made him my partner? I like him personally very much. I don't know whether he has much stability," continued the doctor in a musing tone, as though he were debating the question with himself. "But let that pass. My objection to him for you, Caroline, is chiefly on a pecuniary score."

"I am sure we shall have enough," she answered in a lower tone.

"If I give my consent, Carry, I shall give it under protest; and make a bargain with you at the same time."

Caroline lifted her eyes. His voice had turned to a jesting one.

"What protest?—what bargain?" she asked.

"That I give the consent in opposition to my better judgment. The bargain is, that when you find you have married imprudently and cannot make both ends meet, you don't turn round and blame me."

She bent her eyes with a smile and shook her head in answer, and began twisting the chain that lay upon her fair neck, the bracelets on her pretty arms. She wore the same rich dress that she had worn in the afternoon, as did Sara; but the high bodies had been exchanged for low ones, the custom for dinner at Dr. Davenal's.

"I will not withhold my consent. But," he added, his tone changing to the utmost seriousness, "I shall recommend you both to wait. To wait at least a year or two. You are very young, only twenty."

"I am twenty one, Uncle Richard," she cried out. "It is Sara who is only twenty."

He smiled at the eagerness. One year seems so much to the young.

"Twenty-one, then: since last week, I believe. And Mark has barely completed his five-and-twentieth year. You can well afford to wait. A year or two's time may make a wonderful difference in the position of affairs. Your share of that disputed property may have come to you, rendering a settlement upon you feasible; and Mark, if he chooses to be saving, may have got chairs and tables together by that time. Perhaps I may increase his share at once to help him do it."

"Would you be so kind as to enlighten me as to the topic of your conversation with Caroline, Dr. Davenal?"

The interruption came from Miss Bettina. Deaf as she was, it was impossible for her not to perceive that some subject of unusual moment was being discussed, and nothing annoyed her more than to fancy she was purposely kept in the dark. For the last five minutes she had sat ominously upright in her chair. Very upright she always did sit, at all times and seasons; but in moments of displeasure this stiff uprightness was unpleasantly perceptible. Dr. Davenal rose from his seat and walked towards her, bending his face a little. He had a dislike to talk to her on her very deaf days; it made him hoarse for hours afterwards.

"Caroline wants to be married, Bettina."

Miss Bettina did catch the right words this time, but she doubted it. She had not yet learnt to look upon Caroline as aught but a child. Could the world have gone round in accordance with the ideas of Miss Bettina, nobody with any regard to propriety would have married in it until the age of thirty was past. Her cold gray eyes and her mouth gradually opened as she looked from her brother to her niece, from her niece to her brother.

"Wants to be what, did you say?"

"To be married, Aunt Bett," cried out the doctor. "It's the fashion it seems, with the young folks now-a-days! You were not in so great a hurry when you were young."

The doctor spoke in no covert spirit of joking—as a stranger might have supposed, Miss Davenal being Miss Davenal still. Bettina Davenal had had her romance in life. In her young days, when she was not much older than Caroline, a poor curate had sought to make her his wife. She was greatly attached to him, but he was very, very poor, and prudence said, "Wait until better times shall come for him." Miss Bettina's father and mother were alive then; the latter a great invalid, and that also weighed with her, for in her duty and affection she did not like to leave her home. Ay, cold and unsympathising as she appeared to be now, Bettina Davenal had once been a warm, loving girl, an affectionate daughter. And so, by her own fiat, she waited and waited, and in her thirtieth year that poor curate, never promoted to be a richer one, had died—had died of bad air, and hard work, and poor nourishment. His duties were cast in the midst of one of our worst metropolitan localities; and they were heavy, and his stipend was small. From that time Bettina Davenal's disposition had changed; she grew cold, formal, hard: repentance, it was suspected, was ever upon her, that she had not risked the prudence and saved his life. Her own fortune, added to what he earned, would at least have kept him from the ills of poverty.

"Who wants to marry her?" questioned Miss Davenal, when she could take her condemning eyes away from Caroline.

"Mark Cray."

The words seemed to mollify Miss Davenal in a slight degree, and her head relaxed a very little from its uprightness.

"She might do worse, Richard. He is a good man, and I dare say he is making money. Those civil engineers get on well."

"I said *Mark* Cray, Aunt Bett," repeated the doctor.

"Mark! *He* won't do. He is only a boy. He has got neither house nor money."

"Just what I say," said the doctor. "I tell her they must wait."

"Mad! to be sure they must be mad, both of them," complaisantly acquiesced Miss Davenal.

"Wait, I said, Bettina," roared the doctor.

"You need not rave at me, Richard. I am not as deaf as a post. Who says anything about 'fate?' Fate, indeed! don't talk of fate to me. Where's your common sense gone?"

"Wait, I said, Aunt Bett! Wa-a-a-it! I tell them they must wait."

"No," said Aunt Bett. "Better break it off."

"I don't think they will," returned the doctor.

Miss Bettina turned her eyes on Caroline.

That young lady, left to herself, had pretty nearly done for the damask napkin. She dreaded but one person in the world, and that was stern Aunt Bettina. Miss Bettina rose in her slow, stately fashion, and turned Caroline's drooping face towards her.

"What in the world has put it into your head to think of Mark Cray?"

"I didn't think of him before he thought of me," was poor Caroline's excuse, which, as a matter of course, Miss Davenal did not catch.

"Has it ever occurred to you to reflect, Caroline, how very serious a step is that of settlement in life?"

"We shall get along, Aunt Bettina."

"I'll not get along," exclaimed Miss Bettina, her face darkening. "I attempt to say a little word to you for your good, for your own interest, and you tell me to 'get along!' How dare you, Caroline Davenal?"

"Oh, Aunt Bettina! I said we should get along."

"I don't know that you would get along if you married Mark Cray. I don't like Mark Cray. I did not think—"

"Why don't you like him, aunt?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Bettina. "He is too light and careless. I did not think it a wise step of your uncle's to take him into partnership; but it was not my province to interfere. The Crays brought it to nothing, you know. Lived like princes for a few years, and when affairs came to be looked into on Mr. Cray's death, the money was gone."

"That was not Mark's fault," returned Caroline, indignantly. "It ought to be no reason for your disliking *him*, Aunt Bettina."

"It gives one prejudices, you see. He may be bringing it to the same in his own case before his life's over."

"You might as well say the same of Oswald," resentfully spoke Caroline.

"No; Oswald's different. He is worth a thousand of Mark. Don't think of Mark, Caroline. You might do so much better: better in all ways."

"I don't care to do better," was the rebellious answer. And then, half-frightened at it, repenting of its insolence, poor Caroline burst into tears. She felt very indignant at the disparagement of Mark. Fortunately for her, Miss Davenal mistook the words.

"We don't care that you should do better! Of course we care. What are you thinking of, child. Your uncle studies your interests as much as he would study Sara's."

"More?" impulsively interrupted the doctor, who was pacing the room, his hands under his coattails. "I might feel less scrupulous in opposing Sara's inclination."

"You hear, Caroline! The doctor opposes this inclination of yours!"

Caroline cast a look to him, a sort of helpless appeal: not only that he would *not* oppose it, but that he would set right Miss Davenal.

"I don't oppose it, Bettina: I don't go so far as that. I recommend them to wait. In a year or two—"

A loud knock at the hall-door startled Dr. Davenal. Knocks there were pretty frequent—loud ones too; but this was loud and long as a peal of thunder. And it startled somebody besides the doctor.

That somebody was Neal. Neal's mind was by far too composed a one to be ruffled by any sort of shock, and Neal's nerves were in first-rate order. It happened, however, that Neal was rather unpleasantly near to the front door at that moment, and the sudden sound, so sharp and long, did make him start.

When Neal removed the dinner things, he placed his plate and glasses in the pantry, and carried the tray with the other articles down to the kitchen. In going up-stairs again he was called to by Watton the upper woman-servant of the family, who was as old as Neal himself, and had lived with them for some years. She was in the apartment opening from the kitchen, a boarded room with a piece of square carpet in the middle; it was called the housekeeper's room, and was used as sitting room by the servants when their kitchen work was over for the day. The servants' entrance to the house was on this lower floor; steps ascending from it to the outer door in the back garden.

"Did you call me?" asked Neal, looking in.

Watton had her hands busy papering some jars of jam. She turned round at the question, displaying a sallow face with quick dark eyes, and pointed with her elbow to a note lying on the table before her.

"A note for Miss Sara, Neal. It came five minutes ago."

"Jessy might have brought it up," remarked Neal. "Letters should never be delayed below."

"Jessy has stepped out," explained Watton. "And I want to get to an end with this jam; Miss Bettina expected it was done and put away this morning."

Neal carried the note up-stairs to his pantry, and there examined it. But beyond the fact that it was superscribed Miss Sara Davenal, Neal could gather no information to gratify his curiosity. The handwriting was not familiar to him; the envelope displayed neither crest nor coat-of-arms. He held it up, but not the most scrutinizing eye could detect anything through it; he gingerly tried the fastening of the envelope, but it would not come apart without violence. As he was thus engaged, he heard the dining-room door open, and he peeped out of his pantry.

It was Miss Sara. She was going up-stairs to the drawing-room. Neal heard her enter it; and after the lapse of a minute or two, he followed her, bearing the note on a silver waiter. She had shut herself in. Somehow that conference in the dining-room was making her nervous.

"Who brought it, Neal?" she carelessly asked, taking the note from the waiter.

"I am unable to say, miss. It came when I was waiting at dinner."

Neal retired, closed the drawing-room door, and descended to his pantry. There he began making preparations for washing his dinner glasses, rather noisy ones for Neal. He put some water into a wooden bowl, rinsed the glasses in it and turned them down to dry. Having advanced thus far, it probably struck Neal that a trifling interlude of recreation might be acceptable.

He stole cautiously along as far as the dining-room door, and there came to a halt, bending down his head and ear. Neal could calculate his chances as well as any living spy. He could not be disturbed unawares by Sara from the drawing-room or the servants from the kitchen; and his sense of hearing was so acute, partly by nature, partly by exercise, that no one could approach to open the dining-room door from the inside, without his getting ample warning. Neal had not played his favorite part for long years to be discovered at last.

There he had remained, listening to anything in the dining-room there might be to hear, until aroused by that strange knock; so loud, long, and near, that it startled even him. A noiseless glide back to his pantry, a slight clatter there with spoons and forks, and Neal came forth to answer the summons, with a far fleeter foot than Neal in general allowed his stately self to put forth, for the knocker had begun again and was knocking perpetually.

"Is all the town dying?" muttered Neal.

He pulled open the door, and there burst in two fine lads, sending their ringing shout of laughter through the house, and nearly upsetting the man in their wild haste.

PART VI.

A TACIT BARGAIN.

Dr. Davenal stood in his dining-room in consternation, wondering what the noise could mean that was upsetting the equanimity of his house. Its sound penetrated even the deafness of Miss Bettina, and she remained transfixed, until the room door was flung open with a loud commotion, and two boys leaped in.

Two merry-hearted boys of eleven and twelve, bearing in their dark skins the traces of their West Indian birth. They sprung simultaneously on Dr. Davenal, each clamoring for the first greeting from Uncle Richard.

"You rogues!" exclaimed the doctor. "What brings you here to-day?"

They were too excited to explain. One day extra in a schoolboy's holidays, especially at the commencement, will turn young heads crazy. Sara Davenal, disturbed by the unusual noise, came running to ascertain its cause, and they quitted the doctor for her; kissing her lovingly. Then they had leisure for Caroline, and Miss Bettina.

"Why are you home to-day?" shrieked Miss Bettina, unable to recover her equanimity, and giving a cold kiss to each boy. "We expected you to-morrow."

The boys explained then. The usher appointed to take charge of the boys whose homes lay this way, had received news that morning of the illness of a relative, and had to leave a day sooner: so they left also.

"Nothing loth, I'll answer for it," cried Dr. Davenal; and the boys laughed.

He placed them both before him, and looked first at one, then at the other, regarding what alteration six months had made. There was a general likeness between them, as regarded eyes, hair, and complexion, but none in features. Richard, the eldest, generally called Dick, was a good-tempered, saucy-looking boy with a turned-up nose; Leopold had more delicate features, and seemed less strong.

"You have both grown," said the doctor; "but Leo's thin. How do your studies get on, Dick?"

"Oh—middling," acknowledged Dick, a remarkably candid lad. "Uncle Richard, I'm the best cricketer in the whole school. There's not one of the fellows can come up to me."

"The best what, Richard?" said Miss Bettina, bending her ear to the lad.

"Cricketer, Aunt Bett," repeated Richard.

"Good boy! good boy!" said Miss Bettina approvingly. "Resolve to be the best scholar always, and you will be the best. You shall have a pot of fresh jam for tea, Dick."

Dick smothered his laughter. "I am not a good scholar at all, Aunt Bett. Leo is; but he's a muff at cricket."

"Not a good scholar!" repeated Miss Bettina, catching those words correctly. "Did you not tell me you were the best scholar?"

"No. I said I was the best cricketer," responded Dick.

"Oh," said Miss Bettina, her face resuming its severity. "*That* will do you no good, Richard."

"Aren't you deafer than before, Aunt Bett?"

"Am I what?" asked Miss Bettina. "*Darker!* I never was dark yet. Not one of all the Davenal family had a skin as fair as mine. What put that fancy into your head, Master Richard?"

"I said deafer, Aunt Bett," repeated Richard. "I am sure you are just as deaf again as you were at Christmas! Uncle Richard, we had a boat race yesterday. I was second oar."

"I don't like those boat races," hastily interrupted Caroline.

"Girls never do," said Mr. Richard, loftily. "As if they'd like to blister their hands with the oars! Look at mine."

He extended his right hand, palm upwards. Dr. Davenal spoke.

"I don't like boat racing for you boys, either, Dick."

"Oh, it was prime, Uncle Richard! One of the boats tipped over, and the fellows got a ducking."

"That's just it," said Dr. Davenal. "Boats 'tip' over when you inexperienced young gentlemen least expect it. It has led to loss of life sometimes, Dick."

"Any muff can scramble out of the water, Uncle Richard. Some of us fellows can swim like an otter."

"And some can't swim at all, I suppose. What did Dr. Keen say when he heard of the boatful going over?"

Richard Davenal raised his honest, wide-open eyes to his uncle, some surprise in their depths. "It didn't get to Keen's ears, Uncle Richard! He knew nothing of the boat race; we had it out of bounds. As if Keen wouldn't have stopped it for us, if he had known. He thought we were off to the cricket-field."

"Well, you must be a nice lot of boys!" cried Dr. Davenal, quaintly. "Does he give a prize for honor? You'd get it, Dick, if he did."

Dick laughed. "It's the same at all schools, Uncle Richard. If we let the masters into the secret of all our fun, mighty little of it should we get."

"I think they ought to be let into the fun that consists in going on the water. There's danger in that."

"Not a bit of it, Uncle Richard. It was the jolliest splash! The chief trouble was getting the dry things to put on. They had been laid up in the boxes ready to come home with us, and we had to put out no end of stratagem to get at them."

"A jolly splash, was it! Were you one of the immersed ones, Dick?"

"Not I," returned Dick, throwing back his head. "As if we second-desk fellows couldn't manage a boat better than that! Leo was."

"How many of you were drowned, Leo?"

Leo opened his eyes as wide as Dick had previously done. "*Drowned*, Uncle Richard! Not one. We scrambled out as easy as fun. There's no fear of our getting drowned."

"No fear at all, as it seems to me," returned the doctor. "But there's danger of it, Leo."

Leo made no reply. Perhaps he scarcely defined the distinction of the words. Dr. Davenal remained silent for a minute, lost in thought; then he sat down and held the two lads in front of him.

"Did either of you ever observe a white house, lying back on the hill, just as you pass the next station to this—Hildon? Perhaps you saw it this evening as you came by—"

"I know it," cried out Richard. "It is old Low's."

"Old Low's, if you choose to call him so, but he is not as old as I am, Master Dick. Some people in that neighborhood call him Squire Low. He is Lady Oswald's landlord. A few years ago, boys, I was sent for to his house; that very house upon the hill. Mr. Low's mother was living with him then, and I found she was taken ill. I went for several days in succession; sometimes I saw Mr. Low's sons, three nice lads, but daring as you two are, and about your present age. One afternoon—listen, both of you—I had no sooner got home from Mr. Low's, than I was surprised to see one of his men riding up here at a fierce rate. The railway was not opened then. I feared old Mrs. Low might be worse, and I hastened out to the man myself. He had come galloping all the way, and he asked me to gallop back as quickly—"

"Old Mrs. Low was dead!" cried quick Dick.

"No, sir, she was not dead. She was no worse than when I left her. Mr. Low's three sons had done just what you tell me you did yesterday. They went upon the river at Hildon in a rowing-boat, and the boat upset—tipped over, as you call it; and the poor boys had not found it so easy to scramble out as you, Leo, and your comrades did. One of them was out, the man said; he thought the other two were not. So I mounted my own horse and hastened over."

"But what did they want with you, Uncle Richard? Were there no doctors near?"

"Yes. When I got there a doctor was over the lad; but Mr. Low had confidence in me, and in his distress he sent for me. It was the youngest who was saved—James."

"What! James Low, who goes about in that hand-chair?"

"The very same, Dick. From that hour he has never had the proper use of his limbs. A species of rheumatic affection—we call it so for want of a better name—is upon him perpetually. When the illness and fever that supervened upon the accident were over, and which lasted some weeks, we found his strength did not return to him, and he has remained a confirmed invalid. And that was the result of one of those tips over, which you deem so harmless."

"Will he never get well?" asked Leo.

"Never, I fear."

"And the two other boys, Uncle Richard? Did they scramble out at last?"

"No, Leo. They were drowned."

Leo remained silent; Dick also. Dr. Davenal resumed.

"Yes, they were drowned. I stood in the room where the coffins rested, side by side, the day before the funeral, Mr. Low with me. He told me how generally obedient his poor boys were, save in that one particular, the going upon the water. He had had some contentions with them upon the point; he had a great dislike to the water for them—a dread of their venturing on it, for the river at Hildon is dangerous, and the boys were inexperienced. But they were daring-spirited boys, who could see no danger in it, and—listen, Dick!—did not believe there was any. And they thought they'd just risk it for once, and they did so; and this was the result. I shall never forget their father's sobs as he told me this, over the poor cold faces in the coffins."

The young Davenals had grown sober.

"My lads, I have told you this little incident—but I think you must have heard somewhat of it before, for it is known to all Hallingham just as well as it is to me—to prove to you that there *is* danger connected with the water, more particularly for inexperienced boys. Where does the school get the boats?"

"We hire them," answered Dick.—"There's a boat association in the place; poor men who keep boats, and hire them out to anybody who'll pay."

"They should be forbidden to hire them to schoolboys of your age. I think I shall drop a hint to Dr. Keen."

Dick Davenal grew frightened.

"For goodness' sake don't do that, Uncle Richard! If the school knew it got to Keen through you, they'd send me and Leo to Coventry."

"I'll take care you don't get sent to Coventry through me, Dick. But I cannot let you run the liability of this danger."

"Have they been at anything wrong?" asked Miss Bettina. She had caught about a word in a hundred. After Dick's reflection on her increased deafness, she would not have bent her ear by one-tenth of an inch.

"It is not very right," said the doctor. "They had better have something to eat, Bettina," he continued, contriving to make her hear. "The dinner's hardly cold."

"Uncle Richard," said Leo, a thoughtful lad, who had sat down, and was nursing his knee in a reverie, "do you think those poor drowned boys went to heaven?"

"Oh, lad, I hope so!"

The doctor spoke impulsively, almost in an accent of pain. Since the loss of his own son, his voice would at times wear a pained tone.

"God is over all, Leo. And God is more merciful than man."

Leo continued to nurse his leg. Dick, who had little thought about him, had thrown his arms around Sara's waist, and was whispering to her. Both the lads loved Sara. When they had arrived, little strangers from the West Indies, new to the doctor's house and its inmates, new to everything else, they had taken wonderfully to Sara, and she to them. You do not need to be told that they were the lads whom poor Richard Davenal was to have escorted over; and when they came they brought his effects with them.

"I don't think I'll go on the water again at school, Uncle Richard," said Leo.

"I don't much think you will," said the doctor.

On this same evening, and about this same time, Mr. Oswald Cray was on his way to pay a visit at Dr. Davenal's. He had concluded his interview with Lady Oswald in the afternoon, declining her invitation to remain for dinner, had transacted his other business in the town, had dined at his rustic inn, the "Apple Tree," and had nothing to do now until the departure of the night train, by which he would return to town. He encountered his half-brother as he passed down New-street, in which eligible quarter were situated the lodgings of Marcus Davenal. Marcus had just turned out of them.

"Will you walk in, Oswald?" he asked, as they shook hands. "I heard you were coming down. Lady Oswald told me she had sent for you."

"Not now," replied Oswald. "I am going on to Dr. Davenal's. My visit here to-day was to Lady Oswald, but I left town before her message reached me. We are going to take a strip of her grounds for sheds, and she does not like it."

"Not like it!" echoed Mark. "It's worse than that. You should have seen the way she was in this afternoon. It won't hurt the grounds."

"Not at all. But she cannot be brought to see that it will not. In point of fact, the sound of it is worse than the reality will be. It does sound ill, I confess,—railway-sheds upon one's grounds! I was in hopes of being the first to break the news to her: so much lies in the telling of a thing; in the impression first imparted."

"She said this afternoon that it all lay with you. That you could spare her grounds if you would."

"I wish it did lie with me: I would do my best to find another spot and spare them. The company have fixed upon the site, Low has given his concurrence, and there's no more to be said or done. I am very sorry, but it has been no doing of mine. Are you not coming on, Mark? Won't you go with me to the doctor's?"

Marcus hesitated. It was scarcely the thing for him to pay a visit there so soon after his communication of the afternoon. If any business arose to take him to Dr. Davenal's, that would be different: but otherwise—better wait until he heard from the doctor.

"I'd rather not call this evening, Oswald."

"Why?" asked Oswald.

"Well—the fact is,—I don't see why I may not tell you,—I have been asking the doctor this afternoon for Caroline. He did not give me a positive answer, one way or the other; and I don't think it will look well to press a visit upon them just now."

Oswald Cray's was not a demonstrative countenance: a self-controlled man's rarely is: but certainly it exhibited marked surprise now, and he gazed at his brother inquiringly.

"You are surely not thinking of marrying?"

"Yes, I am. Why should I not think of it?"

"But what have you to marry upon? What means?"

"Oh—I must get Dr. Davenal to increase my share. By a word he dropped this afternoon when we were talking of it, I fancy he would do it: would increase it to four hundred a-year. We might manage upon that."

Oswald Cray made no immediate reply. He, the self-reliant man, would have felt both pain and shame at the very thought of marrying upon the help of others.

"You are thinking it's not enough, Oswald?"

"It might be enough for prudent people. But I don't think it would be found enough by you and Caroline Davenal. Mark, I fancy—I shall not offend you?—I fancy you are not of a prudent turn."

"I don't know that I am. But any man can be prudent when there's a necessity that he should be."

"It has not always proved so."

"I see you think me a spendthrift," said Mark, good-humoredly.

"Not exactly that. I think you could not live upon as small an income as some can. Dr. Davenal gives you, I believe, two hundred a-year, and you have been with him six months: my opinion is, Mark, that at the twelvemonth's end you will find the two hundred has nothing like kept you. You will be looking about for another hundred to pay debts."

"Are you so particularly saving yourself?" retorted Mark.

"That is not the question, Mark; I am not going to be married," answered Oswald, with a smile. "But I do save."

"If the doctor will give me four hundred a-year to begin with, there's no need to wait."

"You have no furniture."

"That's easily ordered," said Mark.

"Very easily indeed," laughed Oswald. "But there'll be the paying for it."

"It won't take so much. We shall not set up in a grand way. We can pay by instalments."

"A bad beginning, Mark."

Mark rather winced.

"Are you going to turn against me, Oswald? To throw cold water on it?"

Oswald Cray looked very grave as he answered. Mark was not his brother, and he could not urge him too much: but a conviction seated itself in his heart, perhaps not for the first time, that Mark had inherited their father's imprudence.

"These considerations are for you, Mark; not for me. If I speak of them to you, I do so only in your true interest. We have never been brothers, therefore I do not presume to give a brother's counsel,—you would deem I had no right to do it. Only be prudent, for your own sake and Caroline's. Good-evening, if you will go back."

Neal admitted Mr. Oswald Cray, and Neal's face lighted up with the most apparent genuine pleasure at doing it. Neal was the quintessence of courteous respect to his betters, but an additional respect would show itself in his manner to Mr. Oswald Cray, from the fact possibly that he had served in the Oswald family at Thorndyke, and Mr. Oswald Cray was so near a connection of it.

Dr. Davenal was then in the garden-parlor with Sara. The noisy boys were regaling themselves with good things in the dining-room, under the presidentship of Miss Bettina. A few moments, and the doctor and Mr. Oswald Cray were deep in the discussion of the proposition that had so moved them; the doctor being the first to speak of it. Sara sat near the window having taken up some light work. A fair picture she looked, in her evening dress; her cheeks somewhat flushed, her neck so fair and white, the gold chain lying on it; her pretty arms partially hidden by their white lace. Dr. Davenal stood in a musing attitude on the other side of the window, and Mr. Oswald Cray sat between them, a little back, his elbow on the centre table, his chin on his hand.

"Mark has just told me of it," he observed in reply to Dr. Davenal. "I met him as I walked here. I was very much surprised."

"Not more surprised than I," returned the doctor.

"At least, surprised that he should have spoken to you so soon."

"What do you think of it?" asked the doctor, abruptly.

"Nay, sir, it is for you to think," was the reply of Oswald Cray, after a momentary pause.

"I know—in that sense. My opinion is, that it is exceedingly premature."

"Well—yes, I confess it appears so to me. I told Mark so. There's one thing, Dr. Davenal—some men get on all the better for marrying early."

"Yes; it's true: and some all the better for waiting. I like those men who have the courage and patience to wait, bearing steadily on to the right moment and working for it. I married very early in life myself, but my circumstances justified it. Where circumstances do not justify it, a man should wait. I don't mean waiting on to an unreasonable time, until the sear and yellow leaf's advancing; nothing of that: but there's a medium in all things. I am sure you would not rush into an imprudent marriage: you'd wait your time."

A smile parted Oswald Cray's lips.

"I am obliged to wait, sir."

"That is, prudence obliges you?"

"Yes; that's it."

"And I make no doubt your income is a good deal larger than the present one of Mark's?"

"I believe it is."

Dr. Davenal stood in silence, twirling his watch chain.

"Give me your advice," he said, turning to Mr. Oswald Cray.

"Dr. Davenal, may I tell you that I would prefer not to give it? By blood Mark is my half-brother; but you know the circumstances under which we were reared—that we are, in actual fact, little more than strangers; and I feel the greatest delicacy in interfering with him in any way. I will do him any good that I can: but I will not give advice regarding him in so momentous a step as this."

Dr. Davenal understood the feeling, it was a perfectly proper one.

"Do you think he has much stability?—enough to steer him safely through life, clear of shoals and quicksands?"

Oswald Cray's opinion was that Mark possessed none. But he was not sure: he had had so little to do with him.

"Indeed, I cannot speak with certainty," was his answer. "Mark is far more of a stranger to me than he is to you. Stability sometimes comes with years only; with time and experience."

"I cannot tell you how surprised I was," resumed the doctor, after a pause. "Had Mark come and proposed to marry Bettina, I could not have been more astonished. The fact is, I had somehow got upon the wrong scent."

"The wrong scent?" exclaimed Mr. Oswald Cray, looking up.

"I don't mind telling you, considering how different, as it has turned out, was the actual state of things," said Dr. Davenal, with a laugh. "I fancied you were inclined to like Caroline."

Mr. Oswald Cray's deep-set blue eyes were opened wider than usual, in his astonishment.

"What caused you to fancy that?"

"Upon my word I don't know. Looking back, I think how foolish I must have been. But you see that idea tended to obscure my view as to Mark."

Oswald Cray rose from his seat and stood by Dr. Davenal, looking from the window.

"Had it been so, would you have objected to me?" he asked; and in his voice, jesting though it was, there rang a sound of deep meaning.

"No, I would not," replied Dr. Davenal. "I wish it had been so. Don't talk of it; it will put me out of conceit of Mark."

Mr. Oswald Cray laughed, and stole a glance at Sara. Her cheeks were crimson; her head was bent closer to her work than it need have been.

"Why did you ask if I would have objected to you?" inquired the doctor. "It was not so, was it?"

"No, doctor, that it was not. On the contray, I have seen for some little time that Mark and Caroline were getting to like each other."

"I thought you said you were surprised?"

"Surprised at Mark's asking for her so soon. Not that an attachment was existing."

At that moment Dr. Davenal's carriage was heard coming up the side lane, Rogur's head and shoulders being just visible over the garden wall. Dr. Davenal gave the man

a nod as he passed, as much as to say he should be out immediately, and retreated into the room. It had broken the thread of the discourse.

"You came down in answer to Lady Oswald's message," he observed. "She said she had sent for you."

"Not in answer to the message. I came away before it reached London: at any rate before it reached me."

"Lady Oswald's in a fine way. I suppose nothing can be done?"

"Nothing at all. It is unfortunate that her grounds abut just on that part of the line."

"She will never stop in the house."

"You see, the worst is, that she has just entered upon the third term of her lease. She took it for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years. I am not sure, however, that Mr. Low, under the circumstances, could oppose her depart—"

"Uncle Richard, the carriage is come round to the door! How are you, Mr. Oswald Cray?"

The interruption came from the boys. Both had rushed in without any regard to noise; or rather to the avoidance of it. Mr. Oswald Cray shook hands with them, and the doctor turned to shake hands with *him*.

"I have to see a patient or two to-night. A poor countrywoman's son is ill, and I promised her to go over this evening if possible. Perhaps you'll be here when I return. Bettina and the girls will give you some tea."

He hurried out; and the boys after him, clamorously enough. During the holidays, Dr. Davenal could rarely get into his carriage without those two dancing attendance round it, like a bodyguard of jumping savages. Mr. Oswald Cray turned to Sara, who had risen also, and stood before her.

"Just one moment, Sara, for a single question. Did you fall into the misapprehension that I was growing attached to your cousin?"

Her manner grew shrinkingly timid; her eyelashes were never raised from her hot cheeks. It seemed that she would have spoken, for her lips parted; but there came no sound from them.

"Nay, but you must answer me," he rejoined, some agitation distinguishable in his tone. "Did you do me the injustice to suppose I had any thought of Caroline?"

"No. Oh, no."

He drew a deep breath, as if the words relieved him, took her hand in his and laid his other hand upon it, very seriously.

"It was well to ask: but I did not think you could so have mistaken me. Sara! I am not an imprudent man, as I fear Mark is; I could not, in justice to the woman whom I wish to make my wife, ask her to leave her home of comfort until I can surround her with one somewhat equivalent to it. I think—I hope—that another year may accomplish this. Meanwhile—you will not misunderstand me, or the motives of my silence?"

She lifted her eyes to his face to speak: they were swimming in tears: lifted them in her earnestness.

"I shall never misunderstand you, Oswald."

And Mr. Oswald Cray, for the first time in his life, bent his lips on hers to seal the tacit bargain. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A Hartford paper tells a good story of a ten-cent currency note—one of the new issue—which was shown to a clergyman, a day or two ago, as a curiosity. "Is that a counterfeit," he inquired. "No; that's one of the new ten-cent bills." "Well," said the clergyman, with a comical look, as if he smelt the joke in the distance, "there was a contribution at my church last Sunday, and we found one of those bills in the box. The deacon and I both thought it counterfeit, and *tore it up!*"

☞ AMERICAN GENTLEMEN.—An accomplished English lady, in a recent contribution to Fraser's Magazine, says: If at any time I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in my little difficulties of travel, or show me a kindness with that consideration of a woman which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people.

☞ The latest scientific wonder is photographing on steel. The engraving thus obtained, it is said, will yield five thousand copies. This is the grand point long aimed at, and will make a revolution in affairs of art and literature.

☞ MARRYING OLD MEN.—Wycherley, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again.

☞ Agostino Borghi, of Florence, has discovered a composition to render garments incombustible. It appears that this is not the process of Mr. Pepper. Borghi has made experiments in the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, and in the town of Pancialichi before a commission. Two men, dressed in clothing prepared by him, remained for ten minutes exposed to the flames formed by an immense heap of faggots.

☞ MANNERS.—It not unfrequently happens that manners are best learned from the unmannerly.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THE STOVE-PIPE HAT.

Some weeks ago, we took occasion in the course of a few remarks on riding dresses for ladies, to protest against the stiff stove-pipe hat as a portion of said attire—our own experience being decidedly in favor of a cap for riding purposes, on account of *its* softness, and of its clinging to the head so much better. But it has occurred to us since, to say a word in favor of the stove-pipe hat for ordinary wear, which thought has been roused into action at this time, by the following paragraph which we recently met with in one of the English periodicals. A traveller on the Continent writes:—

I had been the butt of the country and my companions for wearing a *bona fide* hat. I consistently defended it, making only one concession. Mine was black—it would have been better white. Were I to write an essay concerning hats, I should put the crown of victory on the chimney-pot. I believe that so catholic a covering would not have been adopted without good and deep reasons, by civilized people. I admit the inconvenience of a conventional hat—say when travelling in a railway carriage by night; I admit that it is often made too heavy, and that a black one is hot in the sun. But a hat which is strong, though light in weight and color, possesses great advantages over caps, wide-awakes, and other European coverings for the head. It protects you from a blow; it sticks on in the wind—a cap does that, certainly; but a wide-awake is always taking flight. The hat, nevertheless is easily taken off by the brim, when you want, for instance, to make a bow—frequently a needful gesture abroad—while a wide-awake has to be lifted up from the top like a dish-cover. Then, when you want to hang it up, it remain securely on the peg, while a wide-awake will no more submit so to be suspended than a basin—always slipping off—unless you can find something upright, like a wig-stand, to set it on.

Again, wide-awakes afford no ventilation—of course I am talking of limp ones; for those which have a tight rim have all the supposed drawbacks of a hat without its advantages—I say that wide-awakes afford no ventilation; the leather lining of a soft one sticks to the forehead like diachylon plaster. There is no air-chamber between the top of its crown and that of the wearer's, but it fits the head like a felt skull. On the other hand, a good *bona fide* hat allows a free circulation, except just were it catches the forehead with firm yet elastic grasp. This is but a slight sketch of what might be said in support of the much abused hat.

We agree with the writer of the above. The "stove-pipe" is certainly cooler for the head than either the cap or wide-awake; and the best form for the summer straw-hat, is that of a moderate stove-pipe with a wide brim.

Even in regard to the matter of beauty, we think it questionable whether a man ever looks as well when in company dress, as when he wears a glossy black "stove-pipe." Now as the "stove-pipe" itself is not a particularly beautiful object, at least so far as shape is concerned, we are inclined to explain the matter as follows: The present fashionable dress for gentlemen is highly artificial. The beauty of a wide-awake however, is its naturalness, its picturesqueness. Therefore the wide-awake, while it looks in character with a free-and-easy style of dress—such as sensible men wear when in the fields and woods—looks ludicrously out of place surmounting a suit of glossy black cloth. Now the polished stove-pipe is in entire accord with such a suit. It is all of a piece. And therefore it is that it continues to receive the instinctive admiration of the great majority of womankind, in spite of the anathemas which have been hurled against it.

A SIGN.

The Jews are leaving the Confederacy as fast as they can be furnished papers by the quasi-Government, taking all the gold they can procure. One of them lately paid $3,000 in Confederate money for $100 in gold.

This is one of the worst signs for the "Southern Confederacy" we have yet observed. The sagacity of our Jewish friends in all matters pertaining to this world, is something akin to the marvellous. You may always be sure that business is good at a place if you see a large number of Jewish names on the signboards. And if the children of Israel are deserting the Confederacy, and converting the rebel currency into gold at such a ruinous rate as that mentioned above, the said Confederacy and currency must be both in a bad way, and the day of doom fast approaching.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This excellent weekly makes its appearance in a new suit of type, and looks very well indeed. Its editors, Messrs. Morris and Willis, have a high literary reputation, and a long experience of the art editorial. We wish their journal the success it deserves.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TEXT BOOK OF GEOLOGY: Designed for Schools and Academies. By JAMES D. DANA, LL. D., Professor of Geology in Yale College, author of "A Manual of Geology," &c., &c. Illustrated by 375 wood cuts. In the preparation of this Text-book the general plan of the "Manual of Geology" has been followed. Geology has been treated as a *history*,—a history of the geographical changes of the globe, or those of its continents and seas, through the successive ages, and also a history to the progress of life from the earliest species to Man; and the illustrations of the science have been mainly drawn from American rocks, so that the work, while a general treatise, is eminently a geological history of the American continent. Published by Theodore Bliss & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ Some people place their ideas of happiness upon one thing and some upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner she said, "I have been to see Mrs. ——." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy? I should think she ought to be, she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

☞ "Wooden weddings" are getting to be the order of the day. The Quincy Whig notices one which took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Nichols, in that city, a few days ago. The gifts were water pails and cradles, clothes-pins and boot-jacks, washtubs and rolling pins, potato mashers and rat traps, beef steak maulers and match-safes, sugar boxes and washboards, wooden trumpets and jumping jacks, wooden shoes and glove stretchers, cordwood, &c.

☞ A man holding a policy of one thousand dollars in one of the Manchester Life Insurance Companies, enlisted a few days ago, and, visiting the office where he was insured, said he was going to war, and in all probability would be killed; he had therefore come down to ask them if they could pay him half the sum on account!

☞ It is the law in Japan that no fir or cypress tree can be cut down without the permission of a magistrate, and for every full grown tree that is felled a sappling must be planted.

☞ There is to be a Queen Eugenia as well as an Empress Eugenia. The new King of Greece, George the First, is to wed Eugenia, a daughter of the Duchess of Leutchenberg. The Duchess' eldest daughter is betrothed to Prince Humbert, heir to the crown of Italy. These young women are great grand-daughters of the Empress Josephine.

☞ A man residing in a town adjoining Utica, having a wife and three children, lately sold his wife to a disconsolate widower for a cow valued at $30, the wife consenting to the arrangement.

☞ Snow has fallen to the depth of forty feet in the Rocky Mountain, a larger amount than has been known for many years past.

☞ Professor Agassiz prophesies that Cape Cod will in time be entirely washed away by the action of the sea. The work is going on very rapidly. What will poor old Massachusetts do when her long turned up chin drops off?

☞ It is estimated that there are between two and three thousand Quakers in the army.

☞ A bloomer lady who appeared in Brooklyn the other day was stopped by an impudent little Irish boy, who wanted to black her boots. "Boots blacked, sir, shall I shine 'em up, sir?"

☞ THRASHING MACHINES.—Pitt's American Threshing Machine beat all the threshing machines in the Paris exhibition. A Paris paper says: "Spectators stood aghast at the wonderful results of Yankee genius. The Arab chiefs were lost in wonder, and Prince Napoleon, who was present, returned twice to the machine, and declared that it was '*frightful to look at!*'"

☞ What a charming thought there is in these lines from Longfellow's "Birds of Killingworth:"

"'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

☞ A one-legged skater attracted attention on the Public Garden Pond, in Boston, last week. With some assistance from a crutch he propelled himself over the ice with great speed and apparent ease.

☞ Renan's "Life of Jesus" has elicited about 4,850 replies in France, in the shape of pamphlets, sermons, odes, and treatises.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'rm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.* } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
Mrs. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*

Reports having been persistently circulated that Dr. Bellows received a large salary for his unwearied services in behalf of the United States Sanitary Commission, we at length submitted to Dr. Bellows a letter received at this office, containing information of such a rumor and its source, with the request that he would prepare something for publication in reply.

We do not avail ourselves without hesitation, of the permission given to us by him, to make use in any way that we please, of the following statement; for we well know "the humiliation it is to be obliged to descend to such explanations:" but we feel that justice to the U. S. Sanitary Commission, as well as to Dr. Bellows, requires that the truth be made known.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Board, consisting of twenty-one persons, constituting the United States Sanitary Commission, is an entirely unsalaried body; the President, Vice President, Treasurer, Standing Committee, receiving not a penny for their services,—which are daily services; occupying for nearly three years past the largest portion of their mental and physical strength.

As enemies of the Commission—may God forgive them!—have industriously circulated the false report that the President received a large salary, it has become necessary for him to make this formal and absolute denial of the statement. He trusts that it will not be deemed obtrusive, nor as an appeal for praise or sympathy, since he has always found his labors in the Sanitary Commission overpaid by his work of love, and needing no return of silver or of gold, or even of public recognition. It is simply in deference to the earnest request of friends devoted to the interests of the Commission, that he allows himself to say aught upon so low a plane in connection with the exalted subject of mercy to our sick and wounded soldiers.

HENRY W. BELLOWS,
President of the U. S. San. Com.

From the New York Times.

LETTER FROM NEAL DOW.

LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.,
December 7, 1863.

Dear Sir:—This afternoon I had the pleasure of receiving your kind note of the 23rd of November.

I hope the people will not make contributions for Libby Prison. By so doing they will be likely to send here far more supplies than will be needed. Whatever the people may choose to give, let it be given to the United States Sanitary Commission, which will send to us everything that we shall require, and nothing will be lost or wasted.—The Sanitary Commission will distribute its benefactions intelligently, at the points where they are most wanted.

Will you please have the above published in Boston, New York and Portland.

I am very well, and in excellent spirits. Remember me kindly to all my temperance friends. I am more earnest in the good cause than ever, if possible, and when the war is over, which will not be far off, I shall go to work as earnestly as ever.

Truly yours, NEAL DOW,
Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

H. K. Morrell, Esq., Gardiner, Maine.

REV. DR. W. C. ANDERSON.—This brother, says the *Presbyter*, on account of his relations to the Church at San Francisco, California, and under the conviction that, in no place can he do so much for God and his country, during his sojourn in this country, made necessary by the health of Mrs. Anderson, will devote himself to the army, under the auspices of the United States Sanitary Commission. No doubt his labors will be of great value to the country, as he will, besides his efforts with the army, do much to arouse the Californians to aid the Sanitary Commission.

Directions for Knit Mittens for the Soldiers.

Cast 20 stitches on each needle, knit 25 rows of ribbing and 20 rows of plain. Then take the 20 stitches that are upon one needle and knit 16 rows, backwards and forwards. This is for the beginning of the thumb. Then take these 20 stitches on three needles, and knit round for 16 rows, after which narrow gradually until the thumb is finished. Take up 20 stitches at the lower part of the thumb. There will then be 60 stitches on the three needles.—Knit 20 rows. Take the 20 stitches nearest the thumb, join them on three needles and knit 22 rows. Then narrow gradually until the finger is finished. Take the remaining 40 stitches on three needles and knit 22 rows. Narrow gradually till finished.

Directions to Crochet Mittens for the Soldiers

Crochet a chain of 43 stitches, unite chain, crochet in close stitch 1 row. Second row widen 2 stitches where the chain unites. Omit and widen alternate rows, until the ninth row, always widening in the range of the stitches first widened. Then omit for three rows; twelfth row commence widening again, alternate rows; after widening on the sixteenth row, crochet round the mitten until you come to the outer widened stitch, then make a chain of 3 or 4, connecting the two widened stitches, and making the thumb about 19 stitches round. Crochet 11 rows for the thumb, and narrow rapidly. Return to the inside of the hand, crochet 8 rows, then commence the finger; turning the thread towards the inside of the hand, make a chain across of 3 stitches, making the finger 18 stitches round. Crochet 12 or 13 rows for finger, and narrow as in thumb. Finish the main part of the mitten a row or two longer than the finger, and narrow it as before. Take up the stitches and knit a wristlet ribbed.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 11th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Union Relief, Norristown, 1 keg. Mrs. S. H. Hill, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, East Freedom, Blair co., 1 box; Northwest Soldiers' Aid, 2221 Green st., 2 pkgs. clothing, Mrs. Birkenbine; Bellefonte, Centre co., 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, New Egypt and Jacobstown, 1 box, Miss Ellen Searle, Sec'y; Chatham Aid Society, Avondale, Chester co., 2 boxes, Mrs. S. A. Pennock, President; Soldiers' Aid, New Milford, Susquehanna co., 1 box, Mrs. M. W. Bowers, Sec'y; Clarence and Lillie Moore, 1 box; Mrs. Geo. Plitt, woolen socks; Mrs. Elizabeth Baker, 708 Arch st., 1 pkg.; Mite Society, Bethlehem, 1 box, Mrs. Huebener; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 1 box, Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y; Aid Society, Ayt township, Fulton co., 2 boxes, H. E. Patterson, Sec'y; Union Aid, Dr. Brainerd's church, 1 pkg., Mrs. J. C. Farr, President; a Friend, 1 pkg.; St. Mark's church, 3 pkgs., Mrs. Tilghman, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Muncy, Lycoming co., 1 box, Miss S. F. Johnson; Ladies' Aid, Roxborough, Mrs. N. L. Jones; Woolwich Aid Society, Swedesboro, N. J., 1 box, Mrs. Garrison, Sec'y; Union League Aid Society, Tuckerton, N. J., L. W. Pharo, Sec'y; A. & M. Seger, 934 Arch st., 1 pkg; Vaughan Sewing Circle, 1 pkg; Woolen socks, Delaware co., Hebrew Women's Aid Society, 2 boxes, Miss Rebecca Moss, Sec'y; Women's Industrial Branch, 1 pkg., Miss E. H. Haven; Miss Yardley, Thirteenth and Race streets., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Woodstown, N. J., 2 boxes; Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair co., 1 box, 2 kegs, Mrs. C. S. Lewis; Delaware State Association, 1 box; New Church Sunday-School, Upper Darby, 1 pkg.; A. D. Cash, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Doylestown, 2 boxes, 1 bbl.; Union Soldiers' Aid, Raymond, 1 box; Germantown Field Hospital Association, 3 pkgs.; New Milford, 1 keg pickles; Montrose, 1 box, 1 firkin; Ladies' Aid, Bedford, 1 box; Second Universalist church, 1 box; Northumberland, 1 keg.

"ALL FLESH IS GRASS."

We generally imagine that grass-eating animals elaborate from their food by some organic process the flesh that covers them, and that becomes in turn the food of man. But Piesse, an authority in such matters, attempts to prove that the flesh is first in the vegetable, and only changes place and form when it passes into the animal. His theory is both curious and interesting. He says:

All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheaten flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now, when vegetable food is eaten it is to its fleshy constituents alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create from its food the flesh to form its own body; all that the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by-and-by the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetable are either consumed—burned—for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future food when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch, and woody fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly, or the whole, of its food can be traced to the production of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat—butter—and the flesh appears as casein, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass, the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to produce mutton, while the starch is converted into fat—suet. When a man eats mutton or beef, he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass, so perseveringly collected by the sheep or oxen. The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the materials at hand. Iron is offered to a workman, and he builds a ship, makes a watch spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants; but although he alters the form and texture of the material under his hand, yet its composition remains the same. So as regards flesh, although there be but one "flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," yet their ultimate composition is the same, all of which can be traced to the grass of the field or a similar source. Flesh, then, is derived from vegetables, and not from animals; the latter being merely the collectors of it. And, as though the plant knew that some future destiny waited the flesh which it makes, it will not use a particle of it to construct a leaf, a tendril, or a flower, but lays it all up in the seed.

☞ Punch thinks the last language spoken on earth will probably be the Finnish.

LATEST NEWS.

Rebel papers received, via Fortress Monroe, state that it was reported that Moseby had been badly defeated at Harper's Ferry. The shelling of Charleston was still going on. From Tuesday until Thursday last 471 shells were thrown at the city, causing some damage. Two or three more Parrot guns have been unmasked at Fort Gregg. An increased fleet is reported at Hilton Head.

President Lincoln's amnesty proclamation is causing much trouble to the rebel government and officers; the privates wish to lay down their arms and accept its conditions.

The report of a threatened raid into Maryland, by Stuart's cavalry, is without foundation.

General McNeil, commanding the Department of the Frontier, has arrived in St. Louis, and reports that the rebels in Arkansas are suffering severely from cold weather. Kirby Smith has been ordered to march north, as Arkansians and Missourians refuse to go further south. Large numbers of deserters are entering the Union lines.

Bishop Polk has superseded Johnston in the rebel command of the Mississippi.—Bragg's army is wasting away by desertions daily. The rebels intend concentrating their forces to meet Gen. Grant. They are said to have 30,000 men west of the Mississippi, with 17,000 in the State of Mississippi.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 16.—A despatch dated Mooney Creek, Jan. 13, says:—"A part of Col. McCook's cavalry attacked the 8th and 11th Texas regiments, yesterday, and killed 14 and took 41 prisoners."

☞ TWENTY THOUSAND MILES TO ENGLAND.—The Russian Government have commenced putting up telegraph wires from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor, a distance of about twelve thousand miles, which is expected to be completed by the middle of next year. The United States Government are to connect with this line, and so, by a circuit of twenty thousand miles, reach England.

☞ One man in New Hampshire has sent thirty thousand wild pigeons to market this season.

☞ The latest gossip afloat about Queen Victoria is to the effect that she has grown weary of widowhood, and has fixed upon a broad-shouldered Scotchman, named Alexander Murray, as an eligible mate. Should she marry him, it is gravely added, she will have to resign her crown, as the statutes of England forbid the King or Queen marrying a subject. It is probably mere foolish gossip however.

☞ At the "Bazaar" in Cincinnati they have a museum of curiosities, containing in part the following articles:—The hole that John Morgan crawled through in escaping from the penitentiary; a section of the subterranean passage at Johnson's Island; a painting (in water colors) of Cathcart swimming Lake Erie, triumphantly towing off the U. S. steamer Michigan, by a hawser held between his teeth; the tub over which the "washerwoman" plotted the treason of Johnson's Island; the whip used by "Jeff Davis's coachman;" Cartes de visite of the "Reliable Gentleman," and the "Intelligent Contraband," to whom the public are chiefly indebted for news of war movements; an Awl quiet on the Potomac; another of Seward's prophecies, of no particular account.

☞ No man, says Mrs. Stowe, in the Boston *Watchman*, has suffered more and deeper, albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain, that seemed to some like insensibility, than President Lincoln. "Whichever way it ends," he said to the writer, "I have the impression that I shan't last long after it is over." After the dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg, he is reported to have said, "If there is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him." In those dark days his heavy eyes and worn and weary air, told how our reverses wore upon him, and yet there was a never-failing fund of patience at bottom, that sometimes rose to the surface in some droll, quaint saying or story, that forced a laugh even from himself.

☞ There were 122,000 hogs received in the city of Chicago last week. Allowing each hog to measure six feet, and all strung out in one continuous line, they would form a hog telegraph 140 miles long, and the grunt uttered forth in Chicago would be answered in Kalamazoo far in advance of the mail; and if each hog was made up into sausages, and all placed together in a continuous line, they would stretch 5 800 miles, nearly enough to go a quarter way round the globe.

☞ Mrs. Lincoln's reception at the White House on Saturday was quite brilliant. It lasted from one to three P. M. The foreign ministers and a host of brigadiers were out. The ladies appeared in full morning dress, lined this cold weather with ermine and fur. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in black velvet, corded with white, postillion back, trimmed with black thread lace over white silk, and pelerine collar of white point lace. Her head-dress was of white and black flowers, with jet and pearl ornaments. Her gloves were white, stitched with black.

☞ THE FASHIONS IN PARIS.—The ladies of Paris have adopted a fashion for the winter of wearing their dresses drawn up over colored jupons, light woolen materials of striped patterns, with a band of plaid or a narrow plaited flounce near the edge. They have thus given up the practice of sweeping the streets.

☞ A dandy being told that he would soon have to wear a wig, as he was getting gray, exclaimed, indignantly: "No, sir, I'll dye first."

"BURN THIS LETTER AS SOON AS READ."

I.

Burn this letter as soon as read.
Consider all I say, unsaid.
Think of me as a wilful boy,
Inebriate with a golden joy;
Daring to tell thee all his heart;
Trembling at his fool-hardy part,
Madly chasing a fierce desire
Through earth and water, air and fire.
Ready to tend thee day and night,
As his endless, sole delight:—
Ready to throw his life away
To add to thine a single day.

II.

Burn this letter as soon as read.
Ne'er can its saying be unsaid.
Hate me,—if thy heart is fierce;
Mine with thine angry arrows pierce.
Trample me beneath thy scorn:
Wish that I had ne'er been born:
Bid me with a frown, to die,—
I will meet my destiny:
Or, if in a softer mood,
Banish me to solitude:
Only let me hear thy voice,
In my doom I will rejoice.

III.

Burn this letter as soon as read.
Think of me as one who's dead:
Lying straight beneath the grass
O'er which happy mortals pass:
Nevermore to vex thy sight;
Nevermore to dim thy light.
When in Spring, with moonbeam flood,
Primroses fill all the wood,
(Then I met thee!)—think, when slow
Sets the sun, and birds sing low,
Of that eve my heart beguiled,
When I whispered,—and you smiled.

IV.

Burn this letter. Thou art proud;
High thy race above the crowd.
Careless thou of others' pain:
They must love—and thou disdain.
Thou canst light the lamp which none
Quencheth but the churchyard stone.
In thy hand is all my fate;
Thou must yield me love or hate.
All my fate is in thy hand:—
But my words forever stand.
I love! Wouldst thou that love gainsay,
Then thou must tear my life away!

H. M.

THE MASTER OF ARAN GARTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABLE DRAKE'S WIFE."

There is a stillness over Aran Garth this Christmas Eve; such a stillness in the air, and such a light in the sky as there may have been that night when the shepherds of the East kept watch over their flocks. The moon shines over the house; stars glitter through the avenue-trees; and the deer graze among the twisted oak-tree shadows with their breath visible in the frosty air. The cascades and rivulets in the little wood are all struck dumb by frost, and have left an unnatural silence through the place. A little white leveret is at play with the shadows on the path; and the fact of her playing there so fearlessly, and the great stillness together, cause one to turn in wonder to the gabled house to see if there are any signs of human life within, or if those stone lions on the steps, and those stone figures on the grand old gate may have got all Aran Garth to themselves to rule over in their grim frozen silence for ever.

Yes, the chimneys smoke; there is light in several windows—a very bright light from the large one overlooking the court. They were merry in that room awhile since. A deep, gruff, but musical laugh incessantly made the windows shake in their frames; and the large shadow of a head covered with crisp curls kept passing across the blind.

But all is quiet in that room now, and the shadow comes up on the blind no more, nor comes it across any other of the lighted windows.

Here, at the side, are two dark windows, and the moonlight pours through them into the most desolate room in the house. It is called the "Hunter's Room," because the old masters of Aran Garth used to come here when they returned from the hunt, and sit awhile in muddy boots, and pet their favorite hounds, and drink till their unsteady hands let the wine-jugs fall to the floor, which is still covered with dark stains, and has a sour, faint smell of old wine.

What have we to do with this room to-night? The chimney-place is fireless; the heavy bolt is drawn across the door! there is nothing here, surely, but the antlers on the walls and the rusty guns?

Nay, look again a little lower, almost under the window. Who is it sits in the grim oak chair, with hands clenched and body bent? It is the master of Aran Garth; the same whose shadow was on the blind, whose laugh made the house ring a few minutes since. His hands are clenched, and he is looking down at the stained floor, and the moonlight falls about him, showing threads of silver in the crisp curls.

It is a head that looks little accustomed to bow down as it is now bowed. In the square brow, and fair Saxon features there is a strength of will that is almost kingly.

What mystery have we broken in upon, looking with the moonlight through the two dark windows?

How comes Sir Stephen Blore to be sitting bowed down in the darkness, and the bolt of the door drawn? How comes he to be here and thus to-night of all nights, when every one thinks he must be rejoicing, for to-morrow his son comes home, the son he has not seen for years.

But see, he lifts his head at last, lays his palms on his knees, and raises himself slowly upright in the chair. He has gone through some trial during those minutes he has sat there, for his stony, blue eyes stare round the room as though he scarcely remembers having entered it. Presently they rest upon an old silver tankard hanging on a nail and shining in the moonlight; and, as a man, just awakened from heavy sleep will try to sharpen his senses by an effort to remember the door, or curtain, or thing his eyes first rest upon when they open, so Sir Stephen seems to feel that it is only by recollecting what that bright thing on the wall is that he can find his way out of the painful stupor into which he has fallen.

After looking at it for some time, with those large vacant eyes, with a sort of unconscious curiosity, he strides across the room, reaches it from the nail, and, returning to his chair, sits down with it in his hands.

He turns it over and over in the moonlight in a mechanical, listless way, looking at its bent handle and broken rim, and the armorial carvings dented and chipped. Now he holds it quite still; his attention is attracted by some small old letters; it is the motto of his house—"A deadly enemy, but never a traitor."

A dark flush slowly rises in Sir Stephen's cheek as he reads; his eye fills with anguish, and he laughs—a bitter, harsh laugh.

"Thou'rt wrong, old mug," he says aloud, flinging it from him; "get thee to the dust, and tell them there *is* a traitor in the line at last—a traitor to his own son!"

And once more the large head bows low and the strong limbs tremble.

When he lifts his face again it is changed; it is no longer bitter, but has an expression of passionate self-questioning on it as if some small voice in his heart pleads against the charge he laid to himself.

He looks back upon his past life for evidence against himself.

Ay, look far back, Sir Stephen; look back some eight-and-twenty years, and see yourself, in your early youth again, dreaming of love under the blossoming chestnut trees of Aran. Fair faces came to Aran Garth in those days, but never the face of his dreams. No actual image of an ideal bride haunted him; but he seemed to hear her voice in the early summer mornings calling to him with the birds as he awoke. She breathed on him with the March primroses, and glowed near him in the morning skies. In the storms of April he seemed to see her spirit struggling in the shaken trees, the moaning water, and dishevelled flowers, as though she yearned for a human form in which to come to him. Through long June nights, as he lay upon the grass awake, he seemed to hear her footsteps in the silent paths, and to feel ethereal hands ministering to him, and fanning him with green boughs, and shaking perfumed dew from the flowers upon his face. She sighed upon him with the roses and sung to him with the nightingale, and all night he felt eyes gazing down on him with the throbbing stars, tender and serene, and full of steadfast love.

He grew heart-sick of looking into every face and finding her not; and sometimes he looked back upon the hours he had wasted in dreaming of her in shame and sadness; and, pacing the solitary avenues by night, he would determine to put away from him this vague ideal, and take some good woman for his wife, and cease from dreams. And at such times, as he strode along the old walk, with the trees rocking and murmuring over his head, he seemed to hear a voice pleading with him and saying,

"Wilt thou cast me off because I am a spirit, and cannot yet come to thee in human form? Fear not for time. I will surely come; and, though thy hair be gray before my coming, my beauty shall renew thy youth."

Pacing the Hunter's Room, Sir Stephen looks back upon that time, and then there seems to come a mist in which he sees himself bringing home to Aran Garth a beautiful woman, with a queenly step and cold, proud eyes; and it hardly seems two years after the marriage that he kisses those cold, proud eyes for the last time, and is left in Aran Garth alone with his sister and his infant son.

Again all is mist. What does he see now? His son grown up and going from him to India. A little ward of his then comes to live with them at Aran Garth. He remembers, the first evening she came, laying his hand upon her curls, and saying to his sister, half in jest, "Elizabeth, she shall be Hector's wife."

And when, year after year, he watched her nature unfolding purely and radiantly, like the white leaves of a lily showing glimpses of rich gold within, he had still said, but with a deeper meaning, "She shall be Hector's wife."

It became the chief delight of his life to write of her to Hector, repeating her sweet, girlish sayings, and picturing her beauty under all its different aspects; and he could but see by Hector's brief, soldierly letters that he must have used some eloquence in doing so; for, brief and soldierly as they were, they showed Sir Hector that she was always in his thoughts, and that his heart often yearned, through the irksome routine of his military life, towards the bride they were cherishing for him at home.

All this Sir Stephen thinks of as he stands in the cold December moonlight in the Hunter's Room; and all this while his stern, questioning eyes see no evidence that proves his charge against himself to be just.

But now! Ay, bend the proud head lower, and look back once again. Hector's ship is on the sea; he will soon be here to claim the bride they have chosen for him and taught him to love. Sir Stephen begins to say to his sister at night,

"Elizabeth, I shall miss the child sorely. She has made it all May Day in the house." Then Miss Blore reminds him that Hector and she will stay at Aran Garth when they are married just the same; but Sir Stephen cannot look forward with any pleasure to sharing her society with Hector, and he is startled and grieved to discover it. Fearful lest she herself should guess such a thought was in his heart, he jests with her about that time, and asks her if he will still be her guardian a little, or if she means to cast him off altogether when Hector comes? But the first time he makes this jest a pair of eyes are lifted to his face with a look that plunges him into still deeper trouble. They rested on his face not more than a second, but he cannot forget them; they haunt him everywhere—blue, humid eyes, full of tears and fire.

Then come nights of wild unrest—of dreams in which he sees a ship bounding to harbor; and he, tossing on the waves, pushes it back with bleeding hands; and the prow drives on, pressing against his heart till the sea foam is stained with his blood; and still at the helm stands Hector, smiling and looking landwards towards his love.

And now—now it is the night before Hector's return, and Sir Stephen has come into the Hunter's Room to wrestle with his own heart.

First, he bids himself look steadfastly at his life—his life as it will be when she has no longer anything in common with it. So he folds his arms, and stands erect, and looks.

What! Begin the day without having touched her hand or met her smile? Sit hour after hour in some strange room and never hear her step upon the stairs? Never again have those eyes lifted to his either in childish mockery or tender, womanly reverence? Never more watch the sweet thoughts flit over her face like cloud-shadows in a lake?

He stands before the window and looks out—far, far out on his future, as one who looks for water over a scorching desert and sees nothing but dead men's bones, and his eyes grow dull and wild; a trembling seizes his whole frame, and he falls down with his arms on the oak chair, and, with a loud cry on his lips—a hoarse, passionate cry, full of tenderness and sharp pain—

"Genevra! Genevra!"

As a martyr, to test his power of endurance, puts his hand into the fire that is to consume his whole body, so Sir Stephen had sent his heart to live a moment in his dark and desolate future, then snatched it back in shuddering agony, blistered and bleeding, but with a fierce joy at finding he can snatch it back—that there is yet a little space to live before the actual torture comes, a little space in which to call her sweet image before him once more and to sob his heart's farewell at her feet.

"Genevra! Oh, my golden-haired! Oh, my life's sole love! My little May flower with the bashful head, who will cherish thee like me? My love! my love! my sweet childlove!"

While the heavy oak chair creaks under the weight of his form, suddenly there comes a look of awe over his face, then a paleness, and his eyes are turned with a listening look towards the door. He hears a footstep and the soft sweep of a dress. Now both are silent—silent but very near, he feels; and his heart throbs with such a dull hard beat that he thinks the listener without must hear it.

A tap at the door—so gentle and timorous!—but he could hear it.

He has risen to his feet, and stands leaning on the chair-back, looking at the door with wild eyes, like some grand but savage animal at bay.

Is it she? Has God, who alone knows the state of his heart, permitted her to come to him now? Now, in this bitter hour, when all the wild passions of his nature are let loose, and the battle that he came to fight unwon? One look of her sweet eyes might turn the tide and bring him certain ruin. One word spoken by him in her presence would betray to her his love—his fierce, passionate love—for the woman whom he had consecrated from childhood to his son.

She knocks again, and he bends over the chair back, looking towards the door, irresolute. What shall he do?

Oh, tender little hand, that never crushed a flower or bruised a butterfly's wing, how can it be so cruel now? Go away, Genevra! Go away, and hide your golden hair, that the fight may be fought fairly and the right hand be made honorable that is to give you to your bridegroom to-morrow.

But she taps again, and louder than before. He steadies his voice, and calls out harshly,

"Well! Who is there?"

"Sir Stephen, it is I. May I speak to you a minute, if you please?"

The sweet, timorous voice goes to his heart like music, but at the same time makes him fearful of himself, fearful that in a minute he will be groping to that door, and speaking uncontrolled words to her that will fill her soul with terror and grief.

Oh, if he could only make her go away suspecting nothing! If he could only speak to her in his natural voice! He tries:—

"What, ladybird, is it you? Take your troubles to Elizabeth, my child; I am busy."

The words cost him more effort than any words he had ever spoken. Surely he will be repaid for them, and she will go away and sob her wounded pride to rest. No, there is the timid, pleading voice again,—

"Oh, please let me come in. I have been waiting for you to come up stairs so long. I cannot go to bed; I cannot talk to Elizabeth. Do, pray, pray, let me speak to you!"

So Stephen went to the door and set his broad palm against it. Somehow it seemed to him as if that wild yearning within him must draw it open, spite of bolt or bar. So he set his broad palm against it with all the strength of his body, and, with his other hand on his hip, he looked down on the floor and felt that those two fierce combatants in his heart, passion and honor, had got each other by the throat, and that before he took his hand from that door one must be conqueror.

What he did that moment—whether he invoked some Divine power to his aid, or whether he thought of the helpless babe left in his arms when the coffin lid was closed over his wife's cold, proud eyes—he never remembered; but a great lull came over him, and when she called again—

"Sir Stephen, speak to me—you are not ill?" he took his hand from the door, drew back the bolt, and stood before her erect, calm, with a smile on his face.

The doors leading down into the broad court were open, and the hall was flooded with moonlight; she stood in the midst, and you could scarcely tell whether the sweet light about her came from the moon or from her golden hair.

Sir Stephen smiled upon her and took her hand.

"Well, little one, what trouble now?"

"I was afraid you were ill; you have been shut up there so long. I have been walking up and down here and in the garden all the time. Will you come out now?"

Sir Stephen looked beyond her out into the night, and he felt that this new-born strength of his would have more chance of enduring under those calm stars and swaying trees than anywhere else. So he drew the hood of her cloak over her head, leaving only a pale gold rim visible upon her brow, and took her arm through his, and they passed out into the white, silent court.

"And what is it you wish to say to me, Genevra, my child?" he asks again.

Three times they pace the length of the court before she answers; and now they have come again nearly to the steps, and then Genevra stops and draws her hand away, and they both stand still, looking at their shadows on the white ground. Sir Stephen does not look at the exquisite face set in its gold rim, but he knows that there are tears on it, and that the lips are quivering; and he is obliged to fancy himself standing with his palm set against the door again, and when she speaks there is such a sadness in her voice that all the bright, clear night grows misty to him.

"Sir Stephen," she says, "I have asked many things of you since I have been here, but I have never asked anything yet that has given you pain to grant, have I?"

Sir Stephen is silent, and she is a little afraid of his silence, but goes on with a kind of timorous desperation.

"Because—because I am going to ask you something now that I know will pain you much; and I would not ask it, but that if I did not others may suffer as well as me; it is for his—for his—for Hector's sake—that I speak, much more than mine."

"Speak, then, Genevra."

She lifts both her little hands and folds them on his arm.

"I will. I will tell you all that I have longed to tell you so many days past, but I could not bear to pain you. Sir Stephen, I cannot meet Hector as—as—you wish me, and you must tell him so."

"Genevra!"

"Oh, do not speak like that. Tell him I am not worthy of him; tell him while he has been thinking of me as one whom he will try to love for your sake, I have been not forgetting him, but worse—have been dreading his coming, because I know I can never—never—never love him!"

The bright night is very misty to him, and he has a vague sense of having lifted up his arm, on which her little hands are folded, and kissed them, and wetted them with tears; but now—now that the mist is passed away—he is standing before her with folded arms, and saying, in a hard, stern voice,

"Genevra, you grieve me very much.—What you wish said to Hector you must say yourself. As for me, I can do nothing—God help me! nothing! Go, child, to Elizabeth, and talk with her."

He stands and watches the drooping, hooded figure across the court and into the house; and when it has quite gone he no longer remembers that the night has moon or stars; but ascending the steps, puts out groping hands before him as if he were in pitch darkness. He goes on through avenue and wood till a space of sward opens before him streaked with frost; and there he casts himself down, weary and sick—no longer trembling with stormy passions, but stricken with grief for Hector; and accusing himself not only of the treachery of loving her, but of the double treachery of having—no matter how unwittingly—won her priceless love away from him.

And so, all night, his heart crushed down with shame and anguish, he stayed out in the frosty air—now pacing the avenues, and now stretched upon the dead leaves or the grass. The moon had waned, and there was only one star left twinkling in the gray dawn, when something warm came and touched his stiff, cold fingers as he sat on the root of a tree. It was the lodgekeeper's dog; and in another minute the old man came up himself with a letter, which he gave Sir Stephen, and then passed on without a word to his master, and whistling away his dog.

Sir Stephen rose and leant against the tree trunk, sick at heart with a vague presentiment of some great calamity impending.

What does this letter mean, given to him at such an hour in the morning? It is Hector's handwriting.

He breaks it open with stiff, trembling fingers, and the light of the gray morning is just sufficient for him to read it by. This is Hector's letter:—

"My Dear Father,—At twelve o'clock at night, in Jasper's lodge, I am sitting down to write to you. My letter must be brief, for I am off before five in the morning. A long time before starting from India I had resolved to be at Aran Garth a day or so before you expected me. Perhaps you can guess why? I wished to see *her*. As yet I had only seen her through your eyes, and, before we met I wished to see if she would be the same seen with my own. This evening I was by the wall when she came to walk in the court. Several times she disappeared into the house and returned again. Once, when I was watching for her shadow coming before her on the white ground by the steps, two shadows came, and then I knew by instinct all that was to follow. That the image which has been before me so long has lost nothing by the experience of to-night let the fact that I banish myself from home for a few years show you. I shall say no more, except that I conjure you not to mar your happiness in Genevra's love by thoughts of me. I have only been dreaming a romantic dream of love, the effect of which a few years of active life will knock out of me. Remember me to Genevra, and thank her for the brave outspeaking which has opened my eyes to-night, and saved us all three from unspeakable wretchedness. Hector Blore."

Sir Stephen stands leaning against the tree, with the letter in his hand, the small birds hop and twitter in the boughs over his head, and the sweet dawn breaks about him, and soon two great drops roll rattling down upon the paper.

In another minute he is going towards the house,

"Elizabeth!"

He does not wait to be answered, but pushes the door of his sister's room open. She is dressed, and kneeling at her prayers. Sir Stephen raises her with his arm and kisses her tenderly.

"Elizabeth," he says, giving her the letter, "read this, then take it to Genevra, and, if she is sleeping, lay it on her pillow."

She is sleeping, and Elizabeth lays the letter on her bosom and leaves her, and the morning dawns and brightens slowly at her window.

Sir Stephen sits in the quaint old library, watching the sunshine creeping over the lawn. How slowly it comes! When will it touch Genevra's eyes and make them waken?

Hark!—a step—the door opens and closes softly.

Sir Stephen does not look up. He feels she is standing there—his spirit-love that he dreamed of under the blossoming chestnuts long ago; standing before him in the freshness of her youth and the glory of her golden hair. But he bows his head; she is so fair, so radiant, can she have love for him? She sees the sad doubt in his eyes, and smiles and kneels before him:—

"My guardian, my dear guardian!"

Still his head is bent and his eyes despairing.

She lays her little hands one on each shoulder, and looks into his face, and smiles and weeps:—

"My love! Stephen!"

"Oh, Genevra, Genevra!"

By this time the lazy sunshine has crept into the window, and it finds upon Sir Stephen's breast a rippling stream of gold that would make even July's sunbeams pale.

☞ The great secret is to learn to bear with each other's faults; not to be blind to them—that is an impossibility or a folly.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT SEA

[See Engraving on First Page.]

A short time since, I happened to be in Valparaiso, where I made the acquaintance of one of the officers of the United States whaling-ship "Nantucket," which had run in from her fishing-grounds in the Pacific, to obtain a supply of water and fresh provision; and one day, in talking over the different events of the cruise, which had lasted two years, he narrated the following curious incident which had befallen them:

One morning at daybreak, when lying becalmed, they found themselves in the midst of a shoal of sperm whales, and all four of their boats were speedily lowered and chase given. Two of them proved successful, and by the afternoon, had returned to the ship, towing their captured prey; but the others were not so fortunate. Having by some blunder missed their first chance, it was not until after an arduous chase of many hours, that the leading boat at last succeeded in overtaking, and making fast to the whale. A long and desperate struggle ensued, the second crew quickly coming to the assistance of the first; but line after line from both was expended by the animal, which proved to be of the largest size, and of immense strength and tenacity of life. It tried every means to escape; sometimes "sounding," *i. e.* descending perpendicularly to a vast depth into the recesses of the ocean, until the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water was more than even its huge strength could bear, and it was forced to return to the surface, along which it would then rush with such velocity, dragging both boats after it, that the water, divided by the sharp bows, curled high in two solid walls on either hand. At length, however, its speed began to slacken, and the whalemen anxious to secure their prize before darkness set in, advanced to finish him, and four more lances were rapidly hurled into the body of the monster, which, apparently exhausted by its preceding efforts, lay passive on the water. No sooner, however, had the last steel penetrated, than, as if the stimulus had roused anew all its vital energies, it hurled itself half out of the water, and, swinging its ponderous flukes high up in the air, struck two tremendous blows in quick succession, one of which fell upon the foremost boat, cutting it completely in two, and scattering its occupants (one of whom had his thigh broken) in all directions. After doing this mischief, it again sounded; and hastily picking up their companions, and placing the wounded man in the bottom of the boat, the rest, undaunted, impatiently awaited the coming up of the animal to breathe. But they waited in vain; their prey had escaped them. In his last desperate effort to free himself, he had (so I was told, at least) dived so deeply, that, with his strength exhausted, he was unable again to rise, and dying below, sank still deeper. The disappointed whalers sat in silence, watching their lines disappearing fathom after fathom, until the last yard was gone, when the bowman, who held his tomahawk uplifted ready to strike, was compelled to let it fall and sever the rope, lest the weight of the descending body should drag the boats down with it into the abyss.

Wearied with their long day of fruitless toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the men prepared to return to their ship, which had long before sunk beneath the horizon; for, being calm, she could not make sail to follow them. After pulling for some hours, however, they felt a slight breeze spring up, which they knew would bring her down; and, after awhile, a rocket ascending showed her position; and this signal was repeated every half hour, until the vessel was within a few miles. They had been resting on their oars for some time, but had once more resumed them upon noticing that the breeze was dying away, and their ship likely to be again becalmed, when all at once a sound struck upon their ears, which made each man pause in astonishment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse, heavy, smothered kind of moan, which seemed to be borne to them from across the waters; but whether from near at hand, or far away, they could not tell.

The men stood up in their boat and listened. The night was cloudy and dark; but the line between sea and sky was sufficiently distinct to show to their practised vision the form of their own vessel, which was now only three miles away; but no sail was visible on that part of the horizon from whence the sounds appeared to come. Thinking it possible, however, that some shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their neighborhood, they joined together in a shout; but there was no response audible. All at once, however, some flashes of light gleamed across the distant darkness, and a bluish glare shone out for a minute or two, flickered, and disappeared. At the same moment, a distant piercing cry, followed by moanings similar to the first they had heard, rose on the night air. In all their experience, whether on sea or land, they had never heard sounds like them, and, amazed and startled, and with all the superstitious fears excited, to which sailors are prone, the men in the boat whispered their conjectures to each other.

"There's nothing as I know of that swims

the sea or flies in the air, could make those sounds," said one. "If there was any craft anywhere within miles, we could see her rails plain enough; we are too far out at sea for any coasters carrying cattle. Besides, there's no such trade on this coast, and we're eight hundred miles from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew must she have? That's what I want to know," said a second. "I know what it is to be adrift and perishing. I was one time on a raft with twenty more, for two and thirty days, and a whole lot of 'em went mad and died raging, from drinking the salt water, and yelled and fought, and throttled each other till they were pitched overboard; but then, these here sounds aren't human like."

"Couldn't be a whale, Bill, that made that moanin' noise?" asked another of the boatsteerers, who was a veteran salt, having followed his calling, as a sealer and whaler, in all parts of the world.

"Well, it might be—that noise might; though it twaren't exactly like it neither. I've heard 'em too often, not to know 'em. Sperm whale don't roar much; but right black, or Greenland species, common all over the world, you can hear, at times, miles away. I remember once, when I was in New Zealand—we was a Bay whaling near Hokianga—we killed a cow whale and her calf, and towed 'em into the bay. Well, the old bull, he come in from sea at night-fall, and kep' up such a moanin' and roarin' it was pitiful to hear him. He knowed his misses had gone in there, you see, and he was a callin' on her to come out; and for nigh-hand on to a week, every night, he'd tack about in the offing, until daylight, waitin' and callin' her. Twarn't till we stripped the blubber off her, and towed the carcase out to sea, that he gave in and left."

For some time the men listened; but nothing further was heard or seen. They also rowed for some distance in the direction of the sounds, and again shouted, but got no reply; an hour afterwards they were picked up and taken on board. The captain, when he heard their story, swept the horizon with his night-glass; but detecting no sail, he concluded that the vessel from which the light had proceeded (if they really had seen it) had passed out of sight in the interval; and as for the sounds which had startled them, he made light of them.

"You heard a grampus grunting, or some seals snorting, or, maybe, some penguins trumpeting," he said. "You were all knocked up and half asleep. Turn in, the whole lot of you, and take a snooze till daylight, for we must finish stripping and trying out this fish. A set of lubbers you were, to lose that other whale!"

The men did as they were ordered, but were perfectly convinced that the sounds they had heard were not caused by any such agencies as their commander had mentioned. The light, strange as it was, certainly might have proceeded from a passing ship, although, in that case, it was odd they could not see it. Each of the noises separately also might be thus accounted for, perhaps; but the whole occurring together, and proceeding from one quarter, was to them inexplicable.

They had been asleep some hours, and day was about to break. The breeze had slightly freshened; but the ship, after having picked up the boats, had been hove to, and consequently had remained nearly stationary during the night, the carcase of the whale having been placed alongside, secured by tackles, preparatory to stripping the blubber, or "blanket piece," as it is technically called. Some of this had already been taken off, hoisted on deck, cut up, and placed in the huge coppers, used in the sperm whale fishery for boiling (or "trying out," as it is termed,) the oil—these coppers being embedded in brickwork, on the upper or open deck. The fires beneath them being laid ready for fighting, the mate was busy with his preparations when the captain, who had been in bed, turned out and came on deck.

"Do you know," said he, "that I really think that there was no mistake in what the hands said? There's something out of the way going on, or afloat near us. My cabin window was open—the head of my bunk is close to it—and as I lay there I heard something—I can't make out what? Did you not hear anything?"

"No; we've been busy knocking about the decks. What was it like?"

"Well, at first it was like what the men said—deep groaning, moaning, and rumbling kind of noises, a good distance off apparently. Then I heard a scream; then some one laughing—a rum sort of a laugh it was too. I should have thought myself dreaming, only for what the men had said."

"How long since was this?" asked the mate.

"Within this last quarter of an hour. But is everything ready for trying out, Mr. Smart?" And the captain examined the preparations made. "Call the watch as soon as it is light enough, and set all hands to work. The coppers are charged, so you may as well light the fires, and then pass the word along for silence fore and aft. I want to listen, and try and make out what those noises mean."

He went and stood by the taffrail, while the men on deck, ceasing their work, went to the side, or mounted the rigging.

For a short time they remained thus looking and listening, when the captain, hearing again the deep moaning he had described, raised the speaking trumpet he held, and hailed. As the hoarse sound died away, a startling reply was given. A burst of strange, harsh laughter came ringing across the water, gradually changing into a wild cry, which rose upon the night air, sounding inexpressibly sad and mournful. At that moment, as the seamen, thrilled and awe-struck, listened, the fires which had been lit beneath the coppers, and which had been fed with pieces of refuse blubber, began to burn up brightly, the flames presently shooting up half way to the tops, and casting a broad red glare over the surrounding waters. And, as if this flame had been a spell to conjure up the demons of the deep, from the thick darkness beyond the verge of the circle of light issued a succession of sounds of the most extraordinary character. Yells and howls, shrill screams and roars—now commingled, now separate—at times dying away, and again, as the flames shot up fiercely, rising in hideous chorus—assailed the ears of the astounded whalers, while at intervals, mingled with the uproar, was what seemed to some on board to be the sound, indistinctly heard, of human voices. This continued until the vessel had passed on her way some distance, when the noises became more and more faint and finally died away.

Before the fires had been lit the ship had been put before the wind, in order that the smoke and flame might pass forward and not endanger the rigging or incommode the men at their labor. Some of the latter, alarmed at the sounds, would willingly have had her continue her course and leave the vicinity; but the Yankee skipper was not so superstitious; and, being determined to ascertain their cause, he ordered the fires to be put out (so that the vessel might sail against the wind), and returned. While the look-outs aloft were trying to catch sight of any vessel or other object in the neighborhood, the sounds again reached them; and, steering in their direction, the ship was hove to and a boat lowered; but the men hung back when the captain ordered a crew in, and wished to wait for daylight.

"Why, what are you afraid of, men? Do you think there are evil spirits cruising?"

He paused in surprise, and all hands uttered a cry. A strange phenomenon was presented to their view: a pale-blue phosphorescent light suddenly gleamed out of the darkness, and showed them a wreck, dismasted and drifting. Through the open ports and breaches in the bulwarks, broken by the waves, the unearthly-looking radiance shone, glimmering and flickering on the stump of the mainmast, the only fragment of a spar left standing. Its bows were towards them, and from their own mastheads they could at times, when it pitched and rolled, see down on to its deck. Close to the after hatchway burned a blue tremulous flame, sometime shooting up vividly, at others sinking until nearly extinguished, by the light of which all on deck was rendered visible. All hands looked eagerly for signs of a crew; but nothing in the shape of a man was to be seen. The deck was cleared, the long-boat and spars gone; there was nothing to conceal them from view, had any men been on board.

But although nothing in the guise of mortal man was visible, other objects presented themselves to the view of the awe-struck sailors. Gaunt and weird-looking shapes of hideous animals were plainly seen flitting restlessly to and fro in the ghastly light of that unnatural illumination, of a lonely wreck at sea.

"I can tell you, sir," said my informant, at this portion of his narrative, "that I for one was scared, and no mistake about it. I was brought up on a part of New England where a belief in the supernatural prevails. I had heard that evil spirits appeared at times in the form of beasts, and haunted the places where they had when on earth committed their crimes; and we were off that coast where, for two hundred years, the desperadoes of every clime—pirates and buccaneers—had pursued, when in life, their horrid calling. As the blue light flickered, and the yells once more broke out, these tales of my early days might have made me fancy myself in the presence of some phantom ship with its ghastly crew.

"But daylight soon came, the blue light went out, and we then saw that the wreck was a real one, and that a boat was towing astern; and when we pulled to it and hailed, voices from the cabin aft replied, and we rowed round and saw a man with his head and shoulders projecting out of the window.

"'I say, stranger!' he shouted, 'don't none of you offer to come aboard. Some of the critturs got loose last night, and they're dangerous.' And dangerous enough they appeared to be, for at that moment came to the taffrail, and looked down on us, several hyenas, whose eyes, sparkling with famine, glared most ferociously; and no wonder: they had had no food for nearly a week.

"The brig was in fact a complete menagerie, which a speculative American was taking to California, visiting all the South American ports on his way. He had been blown out to sea by a hurricane, which at last carried away his masts, and he had been drifting about ever since, till his beasts were nearly starved. He had a miserable crew, half of them being his showmen, and he himself was his own captain, trusting to his mate to navigate for him. They had prepared the long-boat for leaving, should no vessel fall in with them, but had made repeated abortive efforts to rig jury-masts as well.—In their last attempt the spar had fallen, and the heel of it smashed the cage containing the hyenas, and all hands had to make a speedy retreat to the after cabin, and keep below till daylight should enable them to shoot, or otherwise secure them. Our fire, by exciting the beasts, attracted their notice, and at first they thought it was a burning ship. The light seen by the boat early in the night, was made by burning some spirits of wine out of the cabin window, and they now prepared to repeat the signal, hoping to attract our attention; but this time, instead of hanging it out of the cabin window, they managed to open the hatchway and push it out on the deck where the beasts were prowling about, restless with the hunger which tormented them.

"The crew stayed three days with us; we rigged them up jury-masts, and, what was of greater consequence, supplied the captain with plenty of the beef from the whale for his animals, and thus saved him from ruin; for the poor man had invested all he had in the menagerie. We heard afterwards that he got safe to Callao, and I suppose is in California long before this."

A WOMAN'S STORY.

We had no riches; our daily labor
Was all the wealth we could hope to win;
But we built in our heart a royal palace
For Love's own angels to enter in.

Our lowly future we fondly painted
With tender dreamings of household joy—
Sweet thoughts that thrill in a woman's bosom,
And a true heart's service without alloy.

Three days of leisure we roamed together,
One golden summer, by rock and wave;
But when the leaves fell with reddening rustle,
The churchyard grass lay above his grave!

And I, who had thought to rest securely
On the brave young heart that was all my own,
Had to bury my grief, and go forth unshielded,
To toil in the weary world alone.

But he never knew me worn and faded,
My brown hair silvered, my eyes grown dim—
To the last he saw me through love's own splendor,
And he took that image to Heaven with him.

So I fondly think when my task is ended,
And the longed-for rest shall my brow enfold,
He will meet me first on the hills of Eden,
And I shall be fair, as in days of old!

THE MAIDEN OF LUNEBURG.

In the spring of 1813 the French occupied a large portion of the north of Germany. The spirit of the nation was roused against the invaders, and a determined effort was made to drive them from the country. Allied with those German powers who dared to oppose Napoleon, Russian troops fought side by side with the soldiers of the Fatherland against the hated French.

Early in March, the Russian Colonel Tettenborn was sent from Berlin to expel the French from Hamburg and to protect Lubeck. He found the enemy retreating towards the west, and that, among other places, they had evacuated the little town of Luneburg. Tettenborn continued his march. Meantime the French General Morand, reinforced by St. Cyr, turned back to Luneburg. The Allies sent General von Dornberg to protect the town. Within three hours' march of Luneberg, he learnt that Morand had re-occupied the place the preceding day with a force of thrice his strength.

Von Dornberg waited a day for reinforcements, and advanced on the 3d of April, at noon, to the attack. Believing the assaulting column stronger than it really was, Morand hastily retreated from the town by one issue—the New Gate—as the Allies entered it by another. The opposing forces encountered in the streets, and, after a sanguinary skirmish the French were driven out. After the fight Morand learned the real weakness of the victors, and determined to retrieve his error. Detaching portions of his force to penetrate the town at other assailable points, with gallant but rash impetuosity, the French commander in person attacked the New Gate at three in the afternoon. The post was defended by Russian and Prussian guns, with a few Cossacks, while Prussian Jagers and Fusiliers were thrown out in advance.

The engagement was hotly sustained, and the Gate gallantly held. Though the Prussian loss was heavy, the French made no sensible impression for upwards of an hour. After that time the fire of the defenders began to slacken, then nearly ceased. A murmur ran through the ranks. Their ammunition was fast becoming exhausted, and by some unaccountable oversight no more cartridges were at hand. Skilled soldiers like the French soon perceived something was wrong, and prepared to take advantage of the fault. Their fire grew hotter than ever. The skirmishers hardly deigned to avail themselves of the shelter of the trees that lined the road, but picked off the Prussians with impunity. The eyes of the men turned in mute appeal towards their officers, who were gradually making up their minds to check further advance by a desperate charge of the bayonet, then slowly to retreat.

But the German mind, generally, takes a long time in making up, and before the worthy Prussians had accomplished the task, help came to them from an unexpected quarter, as the sequel will show.

When the *alerte* was beaten in the town before Von Dornberg's advance, the inhabitants hastily closed their shops and houses, and took up safe positions. Their hearts beating with mingled fear and hope, they heard the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry come nearer and nearer,—bullets struck into the walls and roofs, bricks and tiles began to fall, rockets hurtled past, troops thronged into the town.

A tradesman in the main thoroughfare allowed several of his neighbors to take refuge in the vaulted cellar under his shop. Among these were a widow, named Stegen, and her daughter Johanna. The latter is described as a girl of twenty-two,—tall, strong, and active; of fair complexion, with handsome features, and the auburn hair that appears seamed with threads of gold. Like most of her countrywomen Johanna was an ardent patriot and a vehement enemy to the French; but, unlike others of her sex, she was an utter stranger to fear. She had intended joining the Jagers, disguised in men's clothes, upon the previous day, and had gained her mother's consent; but the widow had lost several sons in the war, and her heart failed her when the time came.

Had Johanna Stegen carried out her intention, she would have done no more than other German women in that stirring time.

History tells of a girl of twenty-one from Potsdam, Eleonora Prochaska, who joined the Lutzow regiment of foot in the name of Renz, and fell bravely fighting in September, 1813, in an engagement on the Gohrde. Dorothea Sawosch entered the West Prussian Landwehr cavalry, exchanged into the infantry after a fall from her horse, and served in its ranks until the close of the war. Charlotte Kruger fought in the Kolberg regiment, and gained promotion as a non-commissioned officer. A lady, known subsequently as Frau Scheinemann, served with Hellwig's Hussars throughout the War of Liberation. A native of Stralsund, the wife of a ship-captain, made the campaign under the name of Karl Peterson, became a sergeant, was twice wounded, and decorated with the Iron Cross of the first class.

Unable, as she thought, to participate actively in the defence of Luneburg, Johanna's whole heart went out towards her countrymen and their allies. As soon as the tumult of the conflict in the streets had in some degree subsided, she left the trembling women in the cellar, and posted herself at a window in the shop-door to observe the progress of the fight. Presently came a squadron of Russian hussars at full gallop round the corner of the street in pursuit of the flying French. They were guided by a sturdy butcher of Luneburg on horseback, armed with a reeking sabre. The hussars were followed by Cossacks. Johanna could remain inactive no longer. Seizing a jug of "schnappe" and a glass, she mounted on a bench before the door, and distributed the welcome refreshment to officers and men.

The cavalry passed, but return to her friends after the excitement of the scene was impossible to Johanna. All ideas of personal danger and timidity were swallowed up in the strength of her desire to see the discomfiture of the foe. So on, past signs of disorder and flight, past cast-away arms and portions of uniforms, past wounded and dying men, writhing in agony and shrieking for water, past heaps of slain in all imaginable attitudes, past the corpse of the Saxon private who was quartered in her mother's house, and who had breakfasted gayly with them in the morning.

As Johanna approached the New Gate, the firing showed her the engagement was still in progress. To observe it the better, she made for a slight elevation on the left, called the Kalkberg (lime-hill) within the barriers of the town. Upon her way hither she passed two men in a dry ditch prising off the heads of a number of barrels in the hope of booty. In its stead they find cartridges, and eke they swear. French cartridges, reported universally to contain poisoned bullets. The men abandoned their discovery in disgust, and the girl pursued her way. Upon the Kalkberg she found a veteran who had served in the Seven Years' War, and was now living in Luneburg. The old man lent Johanna his field-glass, and explained to her the object of the manœuvres they beheld. They saw Morand's flying troops halted and led back to attack the New Gate; followed its gallant defence with lively interest; noticed with apprehension the Prussian fire slacken, and the French massing for assault. The veteran communicated to Johanna his fear than ammunition was growing short, and finding the tide of battle begin to roll towards the Kalkberg, descended from his post and advised Johanna to make the best of her way home.

Slowly and unwillingly the girl retraced her steps through a side street towards the New Gate, but had not gone far before she noticed an old man of her acquaintance sitting upon an ammunition-wagon abandoned during the French retreat.

"Why, Muller, what are *you* doing here?" she asked in surprise.

"Been looking for something good, my girl," was the reply. "Find nothing but cartridges."

Cartridges! The word strikes out a thought, as flint brings sparks from steel. The very thing needed to carry on the fight. A supply here; a store in the barrels in the ditch; our men short of ammunition, retreating, beaten! Now to afford them help.

"Quick, Muller!" cried Johanna. "Fill my apron with cartridges. I've plenty more in front. Our men are coming that way. Oh! victory shall be ours yet!"

Fired by her enthusiasm, the old man tremulously filled Johanna's apron with the precious load. The brave girl grasped the corners of the garment in her teeth, and hurried away to empty it near the barrels. Again and again, with glowing eyes and rapid feet, she hastened upon her devoted task. Meantime the fight came nearer. Bullets began to whistle around the pair. Muller lost heart and beat a retreat, counselling Johanna to follow his example. But she was not so easily terrified. Alone now, she clambered upon the wagon and filled her apron unassisted, carrying it off to augment her store without heeding the more rapid spatter of the leaden hail.

On a sudden, midway with a load, she found herself between two bodies of troops. A light rain falling, the men wore their overcoats, and she was unable to distinguish friend from foe. While hesitating what to do, she was reached by a company of Prussian Jagers, rushing with levelled bayonets to take the French in flank. Johanna ran on a few steps beside the leading officer, asking whether the French would get the town again.

The officer told her gruffly to be off about her business, but added—

"Stop! What have you got there that seems so heavy?"

"Cartridges."

"Cartridges! And we without a ball! Whence?"

"Out of the wagon, there; and I've got a heap more in the ditch behind."

"Halt, men!" came next, with a mighty Prussian oath.

In a moment four soldiers were emptying Johanna's apron by their officer's command, and distributing its contents among their comrades. She hurried on to the ditch amid the hurras of the Jagers, showed them the supply, then ran back to the ammunition-wagon for more. Hotter grows the French fire, but the Prussians respond to it now with cheerfulness and vigor. Grape and round shot begin to take their victims, and let out many a hardy fellow's life. But Johanna never falters in her self-appointed task. Holding her apron with her teeth, she pushes the cartridges into the breasts of the Jagers' uniforms to distribute her prizes the quicker. Friends fall beside her, but she never stops. The enemy come closer, but she feels no fear. During one of her trips a Saxon officer gallops out upon her from an adjacent garden with uplifted sabre. Seeing her danger, a Cossack rushes past her with levelled lance, and stretches the Saxon on the ground. The unintelligible jargon of her rescuer first shows the girl the peril she has escaped.

By the aid of the ammunition furnished by Johanna Stegen, the French were kept at a distance until reinforcements could be brought up from within the town. Then, as dusk was drawing in, a combined charge, in which Morand was badly wounded and taken, scattered the assailants irretrievably, and the day was won.

Johanna had been wonderfully preserved in the midst of the dangers to which she was exposed. Her clothes were riddled with bullets. A grape-shot passed through her dress while she was stooping to pick up some fallen cartridges. As she supplied a Jager with ammunition, the man fell forward, badly hit, into her arms. She carried him to the ditch, tore off her neckerchief to bind his wound, and set out again to the wagon.

After the battle, the Maiden of Luneburg in her shot-torn clothes, blackened with smoke and powder, was carried in triumph by the townsfolk round the market-place; then she went quietly home to her mother. The old woman scolded her heartily for her imprudence, and having done that much homage to duty, cried over the girl for her patriotism.

Next day, when the Prussian commander inquired after the heroic girl, none of his men know where she was to be found. One Jager only was able to describe her appearance, adding that she had red hair. This led to her discovery. For during the next few days there were other duties to perform. Wounded and prisoners had to be nursed, tended, and waited upon; lint was to be furnished, provisions obtained and prepared, a hospital to be extemporised; and Johanna lent eager assistance in these charitable tasks. While occupied among the wounded prisoners, she was noticed by a huge Saxon sergeant. The man's eyes blazed with fury, and he dashed at her with an imprecation, calling out:

"Here, comrades! This is the devil on whom sixteen of our men spent all their bullets yesterday without hitting her. 'Twas she cost our brave officer his life, for he'd sworn to cut her down."

The prison-guards came to the rescue, and freed the girl from his grasp.

The troubles of the Maiden of Luneburg and of her native town were not by any means ended with the French repulse. The day after the engagement the Allies evacuated Luneburg, and crossed the Elbe to Boitzenburg to give battle to Davoust. The French Marshal declined the engagement, but despatched Montbrun with 6,000 men to punish the Luneburgers. He entered the town late on the night of the 4th, passed the next day in searching for arms, and arrested 106 of the chief citizens. The threatening movements of the Allies compelled Davoust to call in all his strength, and Montbrun left Luneburg again upon the 9th.

The war went on. The Allies gained a battle upon the 6th of April, but lost another on the 2nd of May, and with it the temporary command of the country. Once more the French re-occupied unfortunate Luneburg, surrounding it with palisades, deepening the ditches, throwing up earthworks, and barricading the gates, as if they did not intend to be dislodged in a hurry. The invaders instituted a veritable Reign of Terror in the luckless town. One poor girl, suspected as a spy, was scourged to death in the market-place. All citizens and inhabitants thought to be disaffected were imprisoned or fined.

It may be supposed that under such harsh rule the part taken by Johanna Stegen in the repulse of the 2nd of April would not remain unpunished. Her mother kept her carefully concealed in a loft attached to the house, and it was generally believed she was no longer in the town. Constant inquiries and frequent searches proved unavailing for her discovery. Among the few acquainted with her hiding-place was a neighbor, who proposed to Widow Stegen to let Johanna spend the day with his daughter.

"It would be a change for the poor girl," said the worthy man, "and hearten her up a bit."

Frau Stegen consenting, Johanna hurried across the street upon her visit next morning before dawn. At noon, the good man of the house, standing according to simple German custom smoking his pipe before the door, hastily called the girls, and showed three gendarmes turning in to search Frau Stegen's house. The fellows examined the old mother severely, trying to extract her daughter's whereabouts, declaring from the clothes and so forth they discovered the girl could only just have left the place.—Frau Stegen kept firm, and the gendarmes in revenge searched all the houses in the street, including that of the friendly neighbor. By rare good fortune, they forgot to look in the hen-house, where the fugitive was concealed.

It was evident, after this, there was no safety in Luneberg for Johanna. Watched and guarded as the place now was, however, it was anything but easy to get out of the town. Still, the attempt must be made. Her mother accompanied her next night to the outer wall, where they parted. Johanna waited until all was quiet, managed to scale the wall and to pass the ditch, but was stopped by the palisades. She climbed them at last, after many fruitless efforts, balanced herself upon the top, and jumped. As ill luck would have it, her dress caught in the sharpened points and tore, the noise attracting the attention of the sentry singing on the wall. His rapid challenge echoed through the night. Sustaining her weight upon her hands, the girl clung breathlessly to the palisades, not daring to move a muscle. The sentry listened a minute, peered out into the darkness, saw nothing, contentedly shouldered his musket again, and resumed his walk and his song.

This danger surmounted, Johanna made for Natendorf, a village five miles from Luneburg, where a friend was the pastor's wife. With these kind people she abode four weeks, enjoying rest, happiness, and quiet.

An old woman from Luneburg came one day begging into the parsonage. She recognized Johanna with surprise, but was friendly, even to obsequiousness. The woman was well treated, feasted, and sent away with presents of food and money, vowing by all her hopes of salvation not to betray a syllable. She may have been sincere. It is charitable to hope she was. But if she did not plainly denounce Johanna to the French, she did the next thing to it. She talked about her discovery, and the story soon reached the ears of the authorities.

Apprehending treachery, Johanna had already determined to quit the house. The entreaties of her friends were unable to stifle the foreboding of approaching danger. She left, and turned again towards Luneburg—for where else could she go? She was hardly clear of the premises when she heard the clank of accoutrements; and, slipping rapidly behind a hedge, saw gendarmes riding up towards the parsonage.

Now it happened that at that period there were only two women, residents of Luneberg, who had reddish hair,—Johanna Stegen and a younger female of indifferent character, well known to the French officials. As Johanna was hastening that morning along the high road, she suddenly perceived this latter girl with three *douaniers* a little distance on in front. In that level district it was impossible to think of evading them. Johanna hastily concealed her hair

—whose color was so conspicuous—beneath a white handkerchief, took her light straw hat in her hand, and passed the party boldly with a rapid step. The female recognized her immediately.

"Why, that's Johanna Stegen!" she exclaimed.

Rattle flew the sabres of the gendarmes from their sheaths. The sabre to a French gendarme is like the staff to an English policeman: he feels twice as big a man with the symbol of authority in his hand.

Johanna no sooner heard the ominous sound than she set off at the top of her speed, and the chase began. Over hedge and ditch, across fields, through a wood, where the fugitive lost her shoes, and hurried on with bleeding feet, along the high road again, the flight continued for full six miles, until, coming to the bridge across a little stream, the poor hunted girl in her despair resolved to end her misery at once. She had already swung over the balustrade, and was on the point of letting go her hold with a prayer to be forgiven, when, looking back, she saw that her pursuers were even more exhausted than herself, and had halted by the wayside for breath. The sight gave her fresh courage. She set off again upon the Luneberg road, passing vehicle and footgoers, none of whom chose to understand the shouts of her pursuers to stop the runaway.

She had got close to the town before she recollected it would be running into the lion's jaws to enter it in broad daylight. She turned rapidly of the road, and making for a well-known farm close at hand, burst into the kitchen with the cry, "Oh, help! help! Save me from the French!"

The inmates at first refused assistance. They paid no heed to her despairing entreaties, declaring they would not get into trouble for a stranger, until at last the girl was recognized by the mistress, attracted by the noise.

"Good heaven!" cried the farmer's wife. "Why, surely, it's Johanna! This way, girl. Follow me!"

She raised the flap of the cellar extending beneath the kitchen, hurried the fugitive down a ladder, and hid her underneath a cask. A basket and some cloths were thrown over the trap, and all resumed their occupations. The pursuers rushed in, with some comrades picked up on the road, and demanded Johanna. Immense astonishment and protestations of utter ignorance of any such person.

"She came in here, I *know!*" said one of the gendarmes. "We'll unearth her. Comrades, search the house."

The men dispersed all over the farm, and searched it from top to bottom, without success. Nobody dreamt of the out-of-sight out-of-mind cellar trap, and Johanna was saved.

"She must have escaped through the adjoining garden," suggested the girls.

The gendarme instinct gorged the bait in a jiffey, and rushed off in pursuit.

At two in the afternoon Johanna, bathed in perspiration from her protracted flight, had been concealed in the ice-cold cellar. At nine in the evening the inhabitants of the farmhouse first ventured to release her from durance. They found her shaking in every limb from exhaustion and frost like a person in a violent ague. A little refreshment and some hot soup restored her for the time. After a short rest an old shepherd accompanied her, near midnight, to assist her in crossing the palisades and entering the town. With his help she found it an easy task, which says little for the vigilance of the French. Dawn was just stealing into the sky when the fugitive reached her mother's house, with some difficulty succeeding in obtaining entrance without attracting the notice of the neighbors, and was finally at rest.

This last adventure, happening in the middle of July, was the termination of Johanna's romantic trials. The French held the town until September, but were too much occupied in making head against the disasters which befel their arms in rapid succession to think of hunting up Johanna.

On September 18th General Tettenborn entered Luneberg with a large force of Cossacks. Four days later the Russian commander heard of Johanna's bravery, and caused her to be brought before him. Varnhagen von Ense, present at the interview, testifies:—"When the French again became masters of Luneburg, she had been forced to go into hiding. Afterwards she was exposed to threats and dangers from the enemy, and even from many of her countrymen, until the remembrance of her daring gradually died away. But Tettenborn gave orders to seek Johanna, and invited her to his table, where he presented her to his guests as a worthy sister-in-arms. Her behavior now was just as simply modest as it had previously been unaffectedly brave. That she might not be again exposed to vengeance or contumely, she was subsequently sent under favorable circumstances, and with advantageous prospects to Berlin."

The advantageous prospects consisted of the situation of companion to the lady of Major von Reiche, in whom the Maiden of Luneburg found a warm friend and kind patroness. While in Berlin Johanna broke a blood-vessel, in consequence, said the physicians, of the shock to her constitution of the rapid change of temperature suffered during her escape upon the 13th July. She lay long at death's door, but ultimately recovered, and accompanied Frau von Reiche to Paris in 1815.

Two years afterwards the Maiden of Luneburg married Wilhelm Hindersin, a volunteer Jager of good family, whose acquaintance she made at the house of her patroness. Their eldest son is the head of the Stettin bank, another a lithographer at St. Petersburg.

Twice subsequently the malady from which Johanna suffered in Berlin returned, leaving each time the seeds of disease, which ultimately developed into a disorder terminating fatally in 1842. Her husband died last year, and from his account the details of this little history have been compiled.

It is pleasant to reflect that the savour of noble deeds survives long after their doers have crumbled into dust. The body of Johanna Stegen is where the mortal remains of all of us will be in few or many years, but her immortal part—her memory—will go down to posterity as that of a brave-hearted, good woman, who risked her life for her country. R. S. M.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

In former days, when open fire-places were in fashion, every room thus supplied possessed a ventilator; poisonous gases, like sparks, having a natural tendency to go upwards. But now, when air-tight stoves, and rooms as nearly air-tight as they can well be made, are the order of the day, the best method of ventilating an apartment is a matter of vital importance. People who give attention to the subject must be convinced of the deleterious influences of an impure atmosphere. Those who have made it a study have traced the origin of dyspepsia, pulmonary complaints, and other diseases, among which may be named tumors and other morbid secretions, to a small, imperfectly ventilated sleeping apartment.

Some who read these remarks may have heard the story of the canary, whose mistress fearing that it would suffer from the cold air of a wintry night, hung its cage at the top of one of the high posts inside the bed-curtains. In the morning her pet bird was dead. The foul gases, prevented by the curtains from escaping, being condensed as they ascended, so impregnated the air, that it could not sustain the life of the little bird, whose delicate frame had been fashioned by the hand of Him who cannot err, for the pure air and flowery groves of those sunny isles of the sea—the Canaries.

It is true that draughts of air ought not to be permitted to pass in direct range with the bed, yet, as the respirable portion of the air becomes exhausted, a fresh supply should, by some means, be admitted into the room, or the inmates instead of being invigorated, will rise in the morning languid and unrefreshed. This will be the case with children even more than with grown persons, their organs of respiration being weaker and less fully developed; and to this, no doubt, the peevishness and irritableness, which they often exhibit when they first rise in the morning, may be traceable.

The same cause of complaint exists relative to our school-rooms. The pupil who enters with buoyant spirits, feeling sure of his lessons, is soon conscious of a listlessness which he vainly strives to overcome. In the meantime his perceptions become dull and confused; he fails to recite his lessons perfectly, and is admonished—it may be punished—for idleness and inattention. And yet he is not in fault.

Our churches are open to the same imputation. Much has been said, and not without cause, relative to the drowsiness of many who assemble for public worship. Among these are sometimes professors of religion, whose piety is thereby called in question. They try to rouse themselves, but succumb to the depressing influences of impure air. Nor will the preacher be exempt. He too is human, and subject to the infirmities of the flesh. His energy will be impaired, and the great truths, which, at first, had presented themselves to his mind in bold and clear relief, become faint and indistinct; and when he leaves the house of God, it is with a weary heart, and a feeling that he has failed in preaching the gospel with the fervor and earnestness demanded by a subject so momentous. God has made an abundance of pure air, and given it without stint and without price, to old and young, rich and poor alike. And on the free use of this gift of the great Creator's beneficence, largely depends the health, happiness, and efficiency of every individual. Let it be as freely used as it is freely given.—*Mother's Journal.*

☞ The Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians, of Canada, are troubled with a singular night blindness. They can see perfectly so long as the sun is up; but become nearly or wholly sightless from sunset until dawn. No artificial light is of the least service to them, and nothing under a flash of lightning enables them to see.

☞ A gentleman who had the honor of presiding at a Sunday-School celebration not long since, being a little inclined to put on airs, informed the audience, in a rather ostentatious manner, that they would "now have some *vocal music on the brass band.*"

POLISH DANCES.

National dances and popular songs are the most faithful image of the spirit of a people, the songs especially, which have been designated with justice the deepest, truest voice of the native soil. Those of the Polish people do not form an exception, for they exactly paint the inclinations and the manners thereof.

Wherever a Polish woman is found she is sure to be heard singing. Mountains and valleys, farms and pasturages, gardens and vineyards, everything resounds with the accents of her voice. She sings her sorrows, she sings her pleasures, and the birth of her child and the sufferings of her heart. Often the daughter of the people, after a hard day's work, lightens by songs the burden of her fatigues. She returns slowly to her abode by the gleam of the dying day, and she sings on the way. It is not confused traditions or mythological legends which she repeats, but true poems, which have no resemblance to the poems of the other nations of Europe. Delicacy, tenderness, purity, pathos, are the special characteristics of this poetry.

Let us describe, first of all, the dances of the country—dances, age after age, truly national—for they were formerly common from the gorgeous palace of the sovereign down to the humblest village inn. At present, in the halls of the better classes, songs rarely accompany the dances; but among the peasants this accompaniment is regarded as indispensable.

The characteristic dance of the country is the polonaise, in which are blended Oriental splendor, and the gravity, the pride, the chivalrous spirit, the liberty, the independence of a western republic. The ancient costume added much to the beauty of this dance, which, till a recent period, was danced, in full armor, and its movements did not thereby lose even anything of their grace. It is always opened by the most distinguished couple in the assembly; and in truth consists of nothing but a species of promenade. In Poland everybody dances; youths and young maidens, children, old men, high dignitaries, magistrates, take part in the diversion; and it is to the grave polonaise that they owe the power of doing so. After several turns of the promenade each gentleman offers, according to his taste, his hand to another lady, and the first dancer must yield his to him, till a time comes for him to claim her again. This feature of the polonaise recalled originally the equal rights of the nobles in the state.

Danced almost exclusively at the present day by the nobles and the citizen class, the polonaise commences and terminates the ball. In many European courts, the custom of opening the ball with the polonaise has been preserved down to our own time.

We have next to notice the mazourka, the favorite dance of the Poles. It is in vogue everywhere, in the halls of the wealthy as well as in the cottages of the poor. Possessing all that grace which is so much loved by good society, it claims an exalted place among the most elegant European dances. More than once fashion has tried to naturalize it among the best society at Paris, at London, at Florence, but the number of those who can dance it, and seize its national characteristics, is too limited to permit it to be perfectly acclimatised.

The mazourka offers some resemblance to the French quadrilles; but it has more originality and fire.

When we see the mazourka and the country dance, we are tempted to say that a French woman strives to please by her dancing; but that a Polish woman abandons herself to the gladness of her young heart—her grace is quite natural, and art has added nothing thereto. The form of the French woman when dancing recalls to us the ideal creations of Greek sculpture; but the Polish woman suggests, at least in the eyes of her fellow-countrymen, a shepherdess, created by the ardent imagination of the poets—the one charms us, the other sways us by a deeper feeling. Besides, if the country dance is in our days a triumph for women, the mazourka reserves some compensations for men; and a youth, possessing elegance in the forms and movements, and agility, may become the soul and the hero of this dance.

To complete these remarks we may add, that if the spirit of the ancient nobility is well reflected in the polonaise, the mazourka, so full of life and expression, is the emblem of the spirit of the people. In this dance the Pole displays all his vigor, all the feelings which animate him.

The krakoviak, or cracovienne, which had its origin in Cracow, as the name indicates, is not, like the waltz, danced in turning, but in a circle by many couples, which follow each other, while singing. Sometimes the words improvised are satirical, and form two couplets, of which the first is a picture explained by the second, for instance:

Down there along the high walls of Cracow flows the Vistula,
And the Poles rush in crowds in that direction.

A turn of the dance is made, and then a second singer, continuing the thought, says:—

All go thither with their scythes and return not;
And the forests, the plains, and the women are in mourning.

At other times, in their villages, the two who sing stop before the orchestra, and there the young dancer improvises couplets which relate to the festival or celebrate the praises of her whom he loves. The dance then continues. All dart off in succession, like wave following wave. Their boots, shod with iron, beat time: the rings of copper and silver adorning their girdles rattle against each other, and the air resounds with shouts of joy.

The krakoviak seldom finds its entrance now into the balls of the highest society, but, at the epoch of Stanislaus Augustus, it was very much in vogue.

Among the mountaineers—the Gorals—the favorite dance is a sort of krakoviak, in which the dancer, while performing it, holds a little axe or hatchet in his hand. Placed in the midst of the circle, the dancer makes, with his feet and his whole body, a multitude of movements rather difficult to describe, and throws to a great height the hatchet which he holds. The more address he shows in catching it, the more warm and lavish is the applause of the assembly.

The national dances, so noble and so wild, took a more sombre tinge through the dismemberments; one arose, indeed, which was entirely created by the unhappy condition of the country, and is known by the name of kolomejka, which it as taken from the town of Kolomeja, which is situated at the foot of the Carpathian mountains; from the banks of the San, following the Carpathian chain and the banks of the Dniester to the Black Sea, it prevails. This dance offers nothing in its various figures which recalls the majestic polonaise, the joyous mazourka, or the turbulent krakoviak.—When it is performed the mouth is dumb and the face is melancholy. It is in silence that the gentleman conducts his partner by the help of a ribbon or of an interlaced bough; at a given moment the ladies let go the ribbon or bough, and dart off with graceful gestures, the gentlemen follow with a supplicating air; when the ladies see that they must again accept the bondage of the ribbon or the bough, they look down as if ashamed, and passionately cover their eyes. When the dance is nearly at an end, the ribbon or branch is dropped on both sides; the lady throws herself into the arms of the gentleman, and together, he and she, whirl in the most animated fashion, whilst the applause of the spectators mingles with the sounds of the instruments. It is impossible to paint with more fidelity the grief for the ruin of the country, the desire of regaining the country's independence, and the infinite happiness if the task were once accomplished.

Such are the principal Polish dances. Each of them has given birth to the airs which accompany them.

Among the polonaises three have acquired distinction. First, the polonaise of the 3d of May, adapted to words relative to the promulgation of the constitution of 1791; second, the polonaise of Kosciusko (it was addressed to that great citizen when the country took arms in 1794); third, the polonaise of Oginski, called the Song of the Sun, composed in 1793, at the time of the second dismemberment. Admirable from the double expression of grief and hope, it rapidly became popular throughout the whole of Europe.

Of a more lively and animated movement the mazourkas possess qualities which are wanting to the polonaises. So far as moral effects are concerned, they stir the soul profoundly. The air awakes the love of country, and the warlike rhythm stimulates in the highest degree the ardent sentiments of youth. The mere hearing of the mazourka of Dombrouski, commencing with these words,

No, no, thou shalt not perish, Poland the beloved!

roused the whole country to arms.

Spite of numerous foreign innovations, the old airs of the krakoviaks have remained pure and unalloyed. One of them, more modern, has for title "The Scythemen," and was adopted as a march during the war which preceded the present by the national cavalry.—*Charles Forster.*

☞ An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which would differ from most houses in having no Eves.

"How His heart toward children warms!
How He takes them in His arms!
Little hearts make merry and sing;
Little voices cheerily ring!
Though there's room for all the rest,
Jesus loves the litle ones best."

☞ A man in England who measured five feet five inches round and weighed about fourteen stone and a quarter, has been cured of his rotundity by eating nothing but meat. He had eaten only bread and milk previously.

☞ A new Confederate envoy has gone to France charged with power to recognise the empire of Mexico. Here is the agent of an unrecognized power trying to get recognition by recognizing another unrecognized power!

☞ Jeff Davis's treasury notes are now worth five cents on a dollar. This hardly pays the expense of printing.

☞ Tennessee has furnished 33,360 men for the Federal armies, including 8,000 negroes. Pretty well for a rebel state!

YANKEEISM ON THE FIELD.

The *Portland Transcript* has the following, which, whether exactly true or not, is a good Yankee story:—

At the battle of the Rappahannock Station, after the 5th Maine had gained possession of the works in their front and were busy taking a whole brigade of Johnnys to the rear, Colonel Edwards, who was one of the first to reach the rifle pits, took a few men from company G, and pressed on in quest of more prisoners, supposing some might be trying to get away in the darkness of the night.—Following the line of fortifications down towards the river he saw before him a long line of troops in the rifle-pits. Finding that he was in a tight fix, he determined to put on a bold face.

"Where is the officer in command of these troops?" demanded the gallant Colonel.

"Here," answered the Colonel who was commanding the rebel brigade, "and who are you, sir?"

"My name is Colonel Edwards, of the 5th Maine, and I demand you to surrender your company."

"I will confer with my officers first," replied the rebel officer.

"Not a moment will I allow, sir," said Colonel Edwards. "Don't you see my columns advancing? (pointing to a large body of men, marching over the hill, but who were the rebel prisoners being marched to the rear.) Your forces on the right have all been captured, and your retreat is cut off," and as the rebel commander hesitated he continued, "Forward! 5th Maine and 21st New York!"

"I surrender, sir," said the rebel commander, quickly. "Will you allow me the courtesy of retaining a sword that has never been dishonored?"

"Yes, sir," replied Colonel E., "but I will take the swords of those officers," pointing to the Colonels by his side.

They were handed to him.

"Now order your men to lay down their arms, and pass to the rear with this guard."

They obeyed, and a whole brigade of Louisianians, the famous 5th and 6th Tigers being among them, permitted themselves to be disarmed, and marched to the rear as prisoners of war, by Colonel Edwards, and less than a dozen men of his regiment.

FRUITFUL MEDITATIONS.

Lord, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely checkered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations.

1. Roboam begat Abia; that is, a bad father begat a bad son.

2. Abia begat Asa; that is, a bad father a good son.

3. Asa begat Josaphat; that is, a good father a good son.

4. Josaphat begat Joram; that is, a good father a bad son.

I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son.

Lord, this morning I read a chapter in the Bible, and therein observed a memorable passage, whereof I never took notice before. Why, now, and no sooner, did I see it? Formerly my eyes were as open, and the letters as legible. Is there not a thin veil laid over Thy Word, which is more rarified by reading, and at last worn wholly away? Or was it because I came with more appetite than before? The milk was always there in the breast, but the child was not hungry enough until now to find out the teat. I see the oil of Thy Word will never leave increasing whilst any bring an empty barrel. The old Testament will still be a New Testament to him who comes with a fresh desire of information.

— Thomas Fuller.

☞ Baby Talk.—That peculiar patois which is supposed to be intelligible to infants by reason of being unintelligible to everybody else.

☞ Senator Lane on Congressional Chaplains.—A correspondent of a Western paper reports that Senator Jim Lane was seriously exercised at the failure of the house to re-elect Mr. Stockton. He was a good old man, he said, a pure, saintly old man, "and besides, sir, he repeats the Lord's prayer every morning, and before the end of this Congress he would have kept it up until some of these members would have learned it."

☞ Uncle Sam's greenbacks and postal currency now in circulation, amount to five hundred millions.

☞ During Washington Irving's life he realized on his works the sum of $205,388 34. Since his death to September 30, 1863, the sum of $34,273 08 had been received by his executors.

An Extraordinary Skating Feat.—A young lady of Paterson, on Christmas morning, bound a pair of steel sandals on her feet, and embarking on the Morris Canal, skated all the way to Newark, where she saluted a friend with a "merry Christmas to you," and took dinner. Returning, she skated home again the same afternoon, thus making fully thirty miles in one day. This takes the shine out of anything we ever heard in the skating line. What is more, the lady in question is neither tall nor stout, but a slender, almost fragile-looking little figure, of seventeen or eighteen summers. We will warrant, however, that she has as much spirit as can be found within the largest dimensions.

VENTILATION---COLD vs. HEAT.

Poor people shut themselves up at night, and keep out the fresh air. It is very curious how our nature teaches the uneducated and unscientific of her children the practice of good physiology. The purer the air the more carbon is consumed from the body. The poor people don't get too much to eat, and therefore not too much carbon to supply the burning process which is going on in their body. The less air there is in a bedroom, and the warmer the room is, of course, the less call there is for carbon from the system. Therefore the laborer is right, to a certain extent, in keeping the windows of his cottage closed against fresh air. He will tell you, moreover, that the cottage is warmer for having closed windows; of course it is, and it follows as a matter of necessity that the skin is not called upon to act so freely, and, therefore, he himself will not require so much food and drink to keep up the demand upon his system. Even among those who have daily placed before them more than they can eat and drink, and who can, by means of their mouths, take in sufficient fuel to last the night without a sensation of exhaustion, the same theory holds good. During sleep the action of the heart becomes slower than when we are awake, and if we have *too much* oxygen the heart is stimulated, and its acts too rapidly. Animals who hybernate manage to cover their noses away in such a position that one would think they could hardly get a breath of fresh air; nor can they get much—they don't want it. The Arabs on board the Nile boats, like hybernating animals, coil themselves up in their rags and cover over their faces, to prevent too much fresh air getting into their lungs. Still, whatever the ill-fed poor may find to suit them, well-fed folks should have a sufficient ventilation in their rooms, as *they* have plenty of fuel in their bodies to supply any waste that may take place at night.

Again, as regards washing, the rule of nature is, that if a human being has no clothes, he must have a covering of some kind, and this is why savages cover themselves all over with grease (and, by the way, it is a very good plan in bitter cold weather to place oil or bear's grease on the tips of the ears where the frost catches them)—a hint which may be useful to those who have long journeys to take in cold weather.

Pigs have delicate skins like human beings, and no clothes—at least only prize-pigs have clothes, for I saw one the other day with a red cloak around his portly person. Pigs, therefore, roll themselves in the mud—not for dirt's sake, but because it makes them feel comfortable.

As regards old people and babies, you *must* keep the former warm, and give plenty of food, but this little and often; their vital powers are so low that any resistance to cold lowers the temperature of their bodies so much that they do not easily recover it. The digestion is weak, therefore give the alimentary system easy tasks to perform. Old people are like a bedroom fire in a doubtful state of vitality after it has been burning all night; fan it gently, and put on *little* bits of coal to make it burn up again. Babies and young children, on the contrary, are often killed by too much warmth. I have saved the lives of many babies, in teething and other fits, by taking them out of a deep nest of blankets and flannels, and giving them fresh air; the babies were, in fact, *fainting*, and fresh air has revived them at once. The mothers and nurses don't like this, I know, but this must oftentimes be done, if the child is to be saved. Children have an amazing amount of vitality, and do not require a great amount of heat; witness the half-dressed children in the streets of towns and in villages; they don't seem to mind ordinary cold, and the more hardy you bring up a child the more hardy will he be when grown up.

I know at this moment a family of four children; they were always sick and ailing, and the doctor was always in the house. I soon found out the cause; they were healthy children, but the nurse put on a thick flannel waistcoat, and then a flannel nightgown when they went to bed. In the morning a warm bath, and at night a warm bath again; of course they were ill. No tone to the muscles, no nerve, no energy; hothouse plants, in fact—walking thermometers, catching cold if a bird made a draught with its wings. I put the flannels in the fire, and forbade the nurse the warm baths on penalty of diminished supplies of tea and sugar, ordering the heat to be decreased gradually, till at last they had cold baths only of a morning and no baths at all of a night; the boys are now like young lions; the young lady lost her paleness and her aches and pains, has roses in her cheeks, and as pretty and healthy a girl as you would see in a day's march.

Frank Buckland.

☞ It was Dow, Jr.—sacred be his memory—who said that "Life is a country dance; down outside and back; tread on the corns of your neighbor; poke your nose everywhere; all hands around; right and left. Bob your cocoa-nut—the figure is ended. Time hangs up the fiddle, and death puts out the lights."

☞ The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breath.—*Burke.*

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

[From the Chicago Evening Journal.]

A battle and a furnace are alike. It is wonderful how dull natures brighten and grow costly in the glow of battle; how the sterling worth and wealth, there are in them, shine out and the common man stands transfigured, his heart in his hand and his foot in the realm of heroic grandeur. But ah, when the fire is out, and the scarred earth is heaped with rigid clay, the black mouths of the guns speechless, mighty hammers and no hands, the flags furled, the wild hurrah died away, and all the splendid action of the charge vanished from the rugged field like a flash of sunshine, and you wander among the dull remainders, the dead embers of the intensest life and glow that swept your soul out, only yesterday, and drifted it on with the skirmish line, you begin to know what those words mean, "after the battle."

It is days since great waves of gallant life dashed against Mission Ridge and swept up and over it in surges; days, since I tried to tell you how it all looked; so *many* days that it is even now indurating into history, and yet I feel like taking up the story just where I left it, on Wednesday night at sunset, when our flags flapped like eagles' wings, and the wild cry of triumph quivered along the mountain. Standing on the edge of the field in the moonlight, calm as "God's acre" stretches the rough valley that, but an hour before, jarred with the rush and whirl of the battle. From away beyond the ridge, indeed, three miles out to Chickamauga Station, the dropping shots from Sheridan's guns faintly punctuate the silence, but here, listen as you will, you can hear no sound but the click of ambulance wheels, slowly rolling in with their mangled burdens; no sigh, no groan, nothing but the sobbing lapse of the Tennessee. I can never tell you with what a warm feeling at the heart I looked up and saw the Federal fires kindling like a new constellation upon Mission Ridge; they were as welcome as dawning day to eyes that have watched the night out. The old baleful glare from rebel camp and signal light was quenched with something thicker than water, and Chattanooga was at peace.

It is strange that a battle almost always lies between two breaths of sleep; the dreamless slumber into which men always fall upon its eve; the calm repose they sink in at its end. Night fairly held its breath above the camps; the wing of silence was over them all. Then came Thursday morning bright and beautiful. You go out to the field; and you keep saying over and over, "after the battle—after the battle." Men prone upon their faces in death's deep abasement; here one, his head pillowed upon his folded arms; there one, his cheek pressed upon a stone, as was Jacob's at Bethel; yonder one, his fingers stiffened round his musket. Now you pass where a butternut and a true blue have gone down together, the arm of the one flung over the other; where a young boy of fifteen lies face upward, both hands clasped over his heart. The sun has touched the frost that whitened his hair, as if he had grown old in a night, and it hangs like tears fresh fallen upon his cheeks; where a lieutenant grasps a bush, as if he died vainly feeling for a little hold upon earth and life; where a stained trail leads you to a shelter behind a rock, and there a dead captain who had crept away out of sight and fallen asleep; where rebels and true hearts lie in short windrows, as if death had begun the harvest and had wearied of the work. And so, through the valley and up the ridge, in every attitude lie the unburied dead: lie just as they fell in the glow of the battle. And those faces are not as you would think; hardly one distorted with any passion; almost all white and calm as Ben Adhem's dream of peace; many brightened with something like a smile; a few strangely beautiful. Wounded ones that have escaped the moonlight search have lain silently waiting for morning, without murmur or complaint; glad they are alive; not grieved they are wounded, for "did we not take the Ridge!" they say; thus did the old soldierly spirit of one flash up like an expiring candle, and go out right there on the field as he spoke; he died with the last word on his lips, and "went up higher."

I said something of taking the backward step and retracing the ground made classic by a thousand deeds of valor; it is a work beyond the narrow verge of a writer of letters; but while abandoning it to more ambitious hands I cannot deny myself the privilege of recording two or three incidents. Colonel Wiley, of the 41st Ohio, fell terribly wounded at the first line of rifle-pits, and General Hazen rode up, with the words "I hope you are not badly wounded." "Do you think we'll make it?" asked the colonel. "I do," was the reply. "That's enough," said the gallant officer, "I can stand this!" and there he lay bleeding and content, and the tide of the battle rolled on.

A division general turned abruptly to me in the course of a desultory conversation, with "If you write anything about Wednesday's affair, as you will, don't forget Colonel Miller, of the 36th Illinois—one of the most gallant little fellows that ever drew a sword." I did not need that injunction, for Colonel Silas Miller rode through the storm to the summit of the Ridge at the head of his regiment like a veteran, inspiring his men till the little 36th was a phalanx of heroes. Colonel Frank T. Sherman, of your city, who commanded General Stedman's brigade, displayed a cool courage and clear judgment worthy the name and fame of Illinois. In truth all the colonels on that day were fit to be named with him of continental memory, "the old-fashioned Colonel," who "galloped through the white infernal powder cloud."

Indeed and indeed, "death loves a shining mark," and the roll of officers for whom their comrades say to-day, "dead on the field of honor," will lend a splendor to the story of Mission Ridge forever. Clothed be the 7th Ohio in *mourning* and *glory*, that lost thirteen of its seventeen officers. Sheridan's Division lost at Stone river seventy-two; at Chickamauga, ninety-six; while at Mission Ridge, one hundred and twenty-two bars single and double, leaves silver and gold and six spread-eagles lay bloody and silent—the total loss in the two divisions of Wood and Sheridan alone between twenty-three hundred and forty-four.

They cried in the white heat of Wednesday afternoon, "The rebels mass their batteries! They converge their fire!" and yet, taking our divisions through and through, the dreadful rain fell as evenly as if it had been shed by the clouds of Heaven.

Spots all along that rough and terrible mountain route are waiting some poet's breath to blossom with flowers immortal. Here, by this gray rock, lay the soldier, one shoulder shattered like a piece of potter's clay, and thus urged two comrades who had halted to bear him to the rear: "Don't stop for me—I'm of no account—for God's sake, push right up with the boys!"—and on they went and left him weltering in his bloody vestments. Do ye talk of your royal purple of Tyrian dyes? Beside that hero lying there, those tints grow dull as gray November. Hard by that little oak, Colonel Harker, crowding up the hill, saw two brothers, one wounded unto death, the other bending over him. The colonel, not seeing the fallen man, ordered the other to move on. "But this is my brother," he pleadingly said. The poor stricken fellow on the ground rallied an instant: "yes, that's right, George; go on, go on!" George turned a piteous look upon his dying brother, grasped his musket and clambered on. And that was his last farewell, for, the summit reached he hastened back, and there, beside the little oak, the soldier lay in that sleep without a dream. Between the first and second ranges of rebel works, right in the flush of the charge, a captain fell, and two men came to his aid. "Don't wait here," he said, "go back to your company; one useless man is enough; don't make it three." Just then a cheer floated down the mountain as they took the rifle-pit. "Don't you hear that?" he cried, "march!" and away they went. Such incidents as these strew all the way from base to crest; happening in an instant, lost and forgotten in the whirlwind; worthy, every one of them, of a place in loyal hearts. With such a spirit inspiring rank and file—a spirit as lofty as the Alpine traveller breathed, whose burden, as he went, was still "excelsior," who can wonder that Mission Ridge was carried in a November afternoon? As I think of it all, I seem to have the poet's quickened ear, and to me, standing in the valley below, from hundreds of lips now white and still, a voice flows down the Ridge's side in grand accord:

"A voice comes like a falling star,
Excelsior!"

OUR LOSSES AND CAPTURES.—The writer of a communication in the New York Evening Post has taken the pains to go through Gen. Halleck's report and make the following summary statement of results:—

"During the year our *losses* were:

Killed	10,079	Guns	42
Missing	20,677	Small arms	8,840
Wounded	51,718		

"And 10,226 men reported under the heads of 'our losses,' 'killed and wounded' or 'killed, wounded and missing.'

"Our *captures* were:

Colors	52	Boats	158
Prisoners	86,786	Cattle	5,643
Guns	266	Horses	1,175
Small arms	44,829		

"Besides in one place 'large stores,' in another 'four thousand four hundred pounds of powder and one hundred and fifty thousand rounds of cartridges,' and in another, in the language of Gen. Grant, 'arms and munitions of war for an army of sixty thousand men.'

"From this it appears that our loss during the year, in killed, wounded and missing, was ninety-two thousand seven hundred and seventy men."

SPIRITUALISM has made a recent conquest in the person of Prof. De Morgan, of the University of London. A new book just published by Messrs. Longman, entitled *From Matter to Spirit, the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations*, by C. D., is known to be written by the wife of the Professor, who himself contributes a long preface. Prof. De Morgan is perhaps the most universally learned mathematical scholar alive, and is well known as the author of standard works on Formal Logic, the Theory of Probabilities, the Differential Calculus, etc. His conversion is the more remarkable, as he has always been severe in his denunciation of scientific pretenders, and has exercised in the London Journals a sort of police against all squarers of the circle, finders of the longitude, &c. Yet he now "declares himself perfectly convinced that he has both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things *called* spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake." *From Matter to Spirit* is already announced for republication.—*N. Y. Times.*

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—The news by the last steamer states that there are not emigrant ships enough to bring over the emigrants who are waiting for a passage to this country. The boarding houses in Liverpool are said to be full of people ready to embark for the United States.

☞ A ROYAL EDITOR.—The King of Holland is editing a magazine published at Amsterdam.

☞ "Too big for his business," as the lady said to the sweep stuck in the chimney.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little export demand for Flour. Sales of 8000 bbls, mostly in small lots, at $6,50 for standard superfine, $6,75@7,12½ for extras, $7@7,50 for common and good extra family, and $9,50@10 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is scarce at $6,44@6,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is dull and unsettled. Buckwheat Meal is steady at $3,25@3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is not much Wheat offering. Sales reach 40,000 bus at from 145 to 168c for inferior to good and prime reds; 169@170c for choice lots, and 175 to 190c for common and choice white, including 15,000 bus prime Kentucky, mostly at 185c, in store. Rye comes in slowly and finds ready sale at 140c. Corn is dull and lower, some 25,000 bus have been disposed of at 112@114c. Old Corn is scarce. Oats are in better demand, and 35,000 bus Penna sold at 85@86c. Barley is dull. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at 165@170c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 2000 lbs Mess Pork are reported at $19@20 for old, and $23 for new. Dressed Hogs at 9½@10¾ the 100 lbs. Of Beef we notice sales of 1000 lbs Rounds at $19@21 ₱ bbl; Mess is firm at $13@17 ₱ bbl for Western and City Packed. Bacon continues scarce; we quote Hams nominally at 11@14c; Sides at 9½@10½c, and Shoulders at 8@9½c. Green Meats—Sales of 1200 casks Pickled Hams at 11½@12c, the latter for fancy cured. Lard is better, with sales of 800 bbls and tierces at 13½@14c, the latter for Prime Western; mixed pkgs sell at 12½@13½c, and 750 kegs at 14@15c. Butter is unchanged and firm, and the demand moderate at from 17 to 28c for Pennsylvania and Ohio packed; 25@31c for roll, and 27@33c for New York State, the latter for choice Goshen. Cheese remains quiet at 14@17c ₱ lb for common and fancy. Eggs are steady at 30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been quiet but firm; sales reach 200 bales in small lots at from 75 to 81c for ordinary to middling quality, cash.

ASHES are firmly held, with limited sales of both Pots and Pearls.

BARK—Sales of 70 hhds Quercitron are reported at $36 for 1st No 1. Of Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is worth 47@48c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is little or nothing doing. Prices are unsettled, and nominally without change.

COFFEE—The sales reach 900 bags, mostly to come from other markets, at 32@33c for Rio, 33½@34½c for Laguayra, and 30½@30¾c for St. Domingo, cash and time.

COPPER is firm but quiet. In Yellow Metal there is no change, and sheets are held at 34c, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and Western sell as wanted at 60@62c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is moving off slowly at $3@4 for Green Apples, and $8@12 ₱ bbl for Cranberries; of Dry Fruit the receipts are light; Apples range at 9@9½c, and Peaches at 13@15c ₱ lb for unpared quarters and halves; pared Peaches continue scarce and high.

HAY remains inactive, and the sales limited at $25@37 ₱ ton.

HEMP—There is very little stock here and no changes to note.

HIDES—The stock is very light; we quote green salted nominally at 11@12c ₱ lb.

HOPS are in steady demand at 25@30c for new Eastern and Western, old range from 5 up to 20c, as to quality.

IRON—Transactions to some extent are reported at $42@43 for No 1 Anthracite; 600 tons also sold on the spot at $40@43 for Forge and Foundry, cash and 4 mos; No 1 is now scarce and wanted at $42@43 ₱ ton. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales, and quote it at $45 ₱ ton. Blooms continue scarce and high. For manufactured the demand is active, and prices firm and on the advance.

LEAD is firm at the advance.

LEATHER—There is very little activity; we quote Slaughter at 37@40c ₱ lb.

LUMBER—The market is firm.

MOLASSES is firm, a few small lots New Orleans sold at 57 to 67c, including 100 bbls at 65c. 300 bbls Syrup also sold at 58@60c, mostly cash.

PLASTER—We quote soft nominally at $4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—250 bbls Para sold at 7¾c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed; sales of 1500 bush at $7,50@8,50 for old and new crop, mostly at $8@8,25 ₱ bush. Timothy is quiet and quoted at $2,75@3 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is firm, with sales of about 3000 bush domestic at $3,15 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue scarce and high. N. E. Rum is unsettled and quoted at $1,05@1,10. Whisky—The market has been excited, and large sales have been made from 93c@$1 for dark and light bbls, and 90@96c for Drudge.

SUGARS—The market is ⅛c better. Sales comprise 1900 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 13@13¼c, including New Orleans in small lots at 14¼@15¼c, and 850 boxes at 13c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW—City rendered is in steady demand at 12@12½c. Sales of country are reported at 11@11½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is very quiet.

WOOL—About 150,000 lbs have been disposed of at from 77 to 83c for common to fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 12¼ cts ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 35 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 6¼c ₱ lb gross. 900 Hogs brought from $10 to 10,50 ₱ cwt net.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES L. MAST, of Chester county, to Miss CLARA F. GILMER, of Berks county, Pa.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. R. C. Matlack, Corp. G. W. PALMER, to SALLIE STOVER, both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov., by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, THOMAS W. WHITE, to Miss KATE FERBER, daughter of the late Henry Ferber, Esq., both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, D. D., AARON ALCOTT, to CATHARINE, daughter of Abram B. Selsor, all of Germantown.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, to Miss CATHARINE A. FOWLER, both of this city.

On the 20th of Nov., by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. JAMES H. WHARTON, to Miss ELONA J. SUTHERLAND, both of Delaware.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM LAWSEN, to Mrs. CATHARINE THOMPSON.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Camden, N. J., on the 7th instant, of congestion of the brain, WALTER S., eldest son of Dr. Samuel and Jennie T. Carels, aged 4 years.

On the 13th instant, ISAAC KOONS, in his 72d year.

On the 12th instant, JAMES MCGILL, in his 72d year.

On the 12th instant, LYDIA WEAVER, wife of David Weaver, in her 36th year.

On the 11th instant, SARAH, wife of John Baird, in her 42d year.

On the 11th instant, SARAH, wife of Lewis Bond, Jr., in her 25th year.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM FORD, aged 61 years.

On the 10th instant, ELIZABETH FOSTER, in her 56th year.

On the 10th instant, MARSHALL, son of Peter and Margaret Field, in his 18th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JAMES GRAY, in his 35th year.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS L. MORSS, in his 49th year.

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A package, with full directions, costing but 50 cents being sufficient for one barrel of Cider. It is a perfectly harmless preparation, and does not give any taste to the Cider.

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CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
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TO NEW ENGLAND SOLDIERS
THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT

is sent at *half price* to all soldiers in the field, and the publishers guarantee its prompt and regular receipt in any regiment or hospital in the country. From the beginning of the war it has enjoyed an immense popularity in the army of the Union, more especially among the MAINE SOLDIERS. It is a weekly paper, devoted to LITERATURE AND THE NEWS OF THE DAY. Its columns are filled with Interesting Stories, Choice Poetry, Amusing and Instructive Sketches, Reports of Lectures, the Maine News, and a carefully prepared summary of all the Foreign, Domestic, and War news. Among its regular contributors are FLORENCE PERCY, who furnishes Poetry and Washington Correspondence; M. F. WHITTIER, author of the celebrated "Ethan Spike" letters; CHARLES P. ILSLEY is now furnishing an Original Story, entitled the "Indian Killer," founded on the legends of Scarborough. The TRANSCRIPT has the largest circulation of any paper in Maine, and has subscribers in every State and Territory of the Union.

TERMS.—Two Dollars a year in advance. Club of six, Nine Dollars.

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ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE
Have purchased the old school Pennsylvania College, together with the Museum and apparatus for teaching.
Spring Session commences the first Monday in Feb. Address W. PAINE, M. D., 931 Arch Street for Catalogue or information as to College. jan9-3t

FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.
The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only by*
WILLIAM RALSTON,
Late of the firm of LAWS & RALSTON,
Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1862.
WM. RALTSON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.

For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
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202 Broadway, New York.
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DEAFNESS, EYE AND EAR, THROAT DISEASES, CATARRH.—The above maladies treated with the utmost success by
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Oculist and Aurist, graduate of Vienna,
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where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oc31-6m

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE AND NEURALGIA cured at once by Wolcott's PAIN ANNIHILATOR, Catarrh and Weak Nerves in a few weeks. For sale at all Drug Stores. Wholesale Depot, GEORGE SIMEON, 1315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Agents wanted and well paid. jan2-4t

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DOCTOR C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
IS NOT A
BAR ROOM DRINK,
OR A
SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
OR AN
INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC,
Free from Alcoholic Stimulant
OR
INJURIOUS DRUGS,
AND WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT,
DYSPEPSIA,
and JAUNDICE.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Flattering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Flattering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU
A GOOD APPETITE,
STRONG NERVES,
HEALTHY NERVES,
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BRISK FEELINGS,
ENERGETIC FEELINGS,
HEALTHY FEELINGS
A GOOD CONSTITUTION,
A STRONG CONSTITUTION
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 25 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.

This class of Bitters has ruined, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. BEWARE OF THEM.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than those inferior preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN,
Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

DEBILITY,
Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.
The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 25, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases indued by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICES.

Large Size, $1.00 per Bottle, or Half Dozen $5.00.
Medium Size, 75 do or Half Dozen $4.00.

The Large Size, on account of the quantity the Bottles hold, are much the cheaper.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA., Pa.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. apls-oowly

Wit and Humor.

TAKING THE STARCH OUT.

A capital example, writes a reader, of what is often termed "taking the starch out," happened recently in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and addressing the teller, who is something of a wag, inquired:

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen-peddler took a chair, and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the daytime, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

A GIFTED FAMILY.—A religious friend in Ohio writes:

A few years ago there dwelt in one of the wealthiest sections of the State a host of rich relatives by the name of Brown—all, or nearly all of whom belonged to the church. They were among the most prominent and influential, if not the most exemplary members of the congregation, and at prayer-meetings they generally monopolized the "privileges." They were all "gifted" in prayer, and consequently did the most of it. On one occasion, however, the class-leader bethought himself of a poor but worthy brother who was present, and whom he had never called upon to pray before, and the following dialogue took place:

Class-Leader—"I see Brother Smith is here. Brother Smith, will you lead in prayer?"

Brother Smith—"I'm not gifted; excuse me. *Let another one of the Browns pray!*"

The congregation all saw the point, and the rebuke was so just that it effectually put an end to the Brown monopoly of privileges in that congregation.

A HUMOROUS DRIVER.—A veritable Jehu, who drives one of the stages of that line that runs up to High Bridge, perpetrated a dry joke the other day. A middle-aged female passenger requested to be left at Forty-ninth street, and so, when Forty-ninth street was reached, Jehu reined in his horses and stopped. The old lady got out, and staring wildly up at the driver's perch, exclaimed:

"Well, now, I should like to know why in the name of goodness you have carried me a mile beyond where I wanted to stop?"

"You told me, madam, to leave you at Forty-ninth street."

"Well, I meant Twenty-ninth street, and, any way, you might have known where I live, for I ride up here every week, in your 'buses."

"Madam," said Jehu, with Napoleonic composure, "I've druv stage on this line about ten years or less, and I never yet missed leaving a passenger where he or she directed me to leave him or her; and madam, if you don't know where you live, *you'd better move!*"

A SETTLEMENT.—A correspondent writes:—Having occasion not long since to ride in the Mount Auburn cars, I could not help hearing a part of the conversation carried on by a lady and gentleman (probably husband and wife) who entered near Mount Auburn. They had evidently been in search of a "lot," and although *too grave* a subject to excite one's risibilities, yet the business style in which the gentleman spoke of the "City of the Dead," will excuse me for furnishing you with one of his observations.

"Ah," said he, "I didn't go up that avenue which the agent wished to show me; didn't think it worth my while. The fact is, the man was anxious to begin a settlement up there."

No harm in this; only the idea of "beginning a settlement" in such a place struck me as decidedly original.

VERY NATURAL THOUGHT.—A native of the green isle of Erin called at one of our drug stores, the other day, with a prescription, the putting up of which he watched with great curiosity. "What's that, ony way?" asked the customer. "This," said the obliging apothecary, "is tincture cemicitaga racemosa and liniment of saponis, cantharides and opii." A look of bewilderment changed to one of grave concern as the Irishman inquired, "And what is the price?" "Thirty-seven cents," was the reply. "By jabers," said Pat, "I thought two such names as that would cost me at laste a dollar and a half."

WHERE WOMAN'S SPHERE?

Her springtide sphere?
Amidst the daisies and spring flowers gay,
Planning glad pastime for each sunny day,
With laughter clear
As skylark's song high rising to the light—
A thing to bless us with renewed delight
When life is drear.

Her summer sphere?
With loving looks and heart by his dear side
Who took her from her sport to be his bride,
His home to cheer;
Soothing that tiny treasures on her breast;
Thus making him beside her doubly blest
And doubly dear.

Her autumn sphere?
When past the pleasures which once gave her joy,
And care has mixed with life the sad alloy
To wring that tear;
Yet strong in faith through grief no stranger knows,
Trained through her own to soothe another's woes
With holy cheer.

Her winter sphere?
When furrowed deep that brow, once passing fair,
Still beautiful beneath her silver hair,
In sable gear;
Leading with holy book the pleasant way,
And ever smiling when the young are gay—
Loved far and near. R. A. C.

MARKS OF THE NAILS.

Did you ever hear the story of Amos and the nails? There was once a bad boy, whose name was Amos. His father was a very good man, and was grieved and troubled at his son's wickedness. He tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to do better. One day his father said to him,

"Amos, here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong thing, to drive one of these nails into this post."

"Well, father, I will," said Amos.

After a while Amos came to his father, and said:

"I have used all the nails; the keg is empty; come and see."

His father went to the spot, and found the post black with nails.

"Amos," said he, "have you done something wrong for each of these nails?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Oh! Amos! how sad this is to think of! Why will you not try to turn about, and be a good boy?"

Amos stood thoughtfully for a few minutes and said:—"Father, I'll try; I know I have been very bad. Now I mean to pray God to help me to do better."

"Very well," said his father; "now take the hammer, and every time you do a good act, or resist a wrong one, draw out a nail, and put it in the keg again."

After a while the boy came to his father, and said:—"Come, father, and see the nails in the keg again. I have pulled out a nail for every good act, and now the keg is full again."

"I am glad to see it, my son," said his father, "but see *the marks of the nails remain.*"

So with every wicked deed; it leaves its mark as the wages of sin. Ah! how careful we should be to avoid sin.

WHAT IS BECOMING.

The effects of color on complexion are learnt from experience, and the subject cannot be treated successfully in a short paper like the present. Portrait artists know how many are the colors that mingle in one face, and slightly varying proportions and small omissions produce differences in the skin, so that colors which suit one person are not becoming to another, although the complexions of the two are supposed to be the same. A candid friend, or the more candid looking-glass, must be the ultimate appeal. Now that we have touched the delicate subject of the mirror, let us notice the fact of how much the position of a glass, in reference to the light, has to do in making a person satisfied or discontented with his, or her, appearance. The most, *flattering* position for the glass is when placed *between* two windows, the equal cross-light reducing inequalities and roughnesses to a minimum. The most unbecoming reflexion is from a glass *in front* of a window, the only one in a room. It is remarkable, and perhaps unexplained, that any irregularity of the features, anything out of drawing in the face, is increased when seen in a glass. There is a great difference in the color of the glass itself: some glasses are very pure and white; some have a greenish tinge, necessarily producing disheartening reflexions.

☞ TO PRINT LEAVES AND WEEDS.—Between a folded sheet of paper, well covered with printer's ink, a leaf or seaweed is placed, and the folded paper and its contents are then placed in one of the little wooden presses, between soft leathers, and rolled with a wooden roller. All the ribs, veins and prominences of the leaf are thus inked over. Now, if the inked leaf be placed upon paper, and rolled in the same manner, it yields of course an impression of itself, and gives an imprint of its finest parts.

SCENE.—A ROADSIDE INN.

OLD COUNTRY LANDLADY (enters in fear).—"Eh, sir, yer gun's no loaded is't? for a never would bide in a hoose whaur the wur a loaded gun in a' m' life."

SPORTSMAN (composedly).—"Oh, we'll soon put that all right—have you got a cork?"

[Exit landlady, and brings a cork, which the sportsman *carefully* sticks in the muzzle of the gun, and assures her it is all right now.

LANDLADY (relieved).—"Ou, aye! it's a' right noo, but it was na safe afore, ye ken."

"AND THEY SUNG A NEW SONG."

[FOR CHANTING.]

Hear what the Saint in solemn dream was shown
Thro' Heaven's own Gates of Gold;
He saw them standing by the great White Throne;
He heard their raptures roll'd!
Christ was the Sun of that new firmament,
And there was no more night,
While thro' the golden City harping went
The glorious all in white.

These out of their great tribulation came
To bow before the Throne!
These lifted up their foreheads from the flame
And by His name were known!
Some on the rack were living witnesses,
And many fell a-field;
But Christ did greet His Martyrs with a kiss,
And all their hurts were heal'd.

These had to wrestle with wild waves of strife,
Long ere they reached that shore
Where they at last have won the crowns of life
They wear for evermore.
There do they drink of Life's all-healing Stream,
And quench their thirst of years;
All star-like now the precious jewels gleam,
They sow'd on earth in tears.

Help us, oh Lord, to reach that Better Land,
So far from sorrow and sin,
And join that Blessed band all harp-in-hand,
All safe with Christ shut in!
Feeble and poor the songs we sing! at most,
Some selfish Prayer we raise;
While the white Harpers on that Heavenly coast,
Hymn everlasting Praise.

HOW TO CATCH SHEEP.—Never seize them by the wool on the back. It hurts them exceedingly, and in some cases has been known to kill them, particularly in hot weather, when they are large and fat. The best way is to avoid the wool altogether. Accustom yourself to catch them by their hind leg, or what is still better, by the neck, placing one hand under the jaws, and the other just back of the ears. By lifting the head in this manner a child may hold almost any sheep, without danger to the animal or himself.

WINE GRAPES.—A grape for wine making must contain a large amount of sugar; the grape may not taste sweet, as the sugar is often concealed by the presence of acid, still it must be there or the grape will be worthless for wine. As the same variety will have a more or less rich juice in different localities, it will be seen that the opinion of a wine grower in Missouri as to the wine making qualities of any particular variety, will not hold with regard to the same grape grown in New York. So far as is yet known, the Delaware stands at the head of the list of wine grapes for the northern and eastern states. The Concord is now receiving attention as a wine producer, and we notice that specimens of its wine were ranked higher than the Catawba by the Association at Cincinnati. Whether this verdict will be sustained in other localities remains to be seen. The Clinton and Diana have their advocates as wine grapes, and it is probable that a mixture of several varieties will afford a better wine than any one wily singly.

SHERRY AND MADEIRA WINES.—The process by which these wines are produced at the Rising Sun and Los Angelos vineyards are thus described by the California Farmer:

A large apartment, in a brick building, is walled and plastered so as to be air tight, and heated to a mean temperature of 100 degrees, Fahrenheit, by means of flues connected with furnaces below. Into this chamber the casks containing the common white wine, intended for conversion into Sherry and Madeira, are rolled, and the doors are closed so as admit of the influx of no cold or damp air, for a period of seventy-five to one hundred days. The heat is kept up continuously, and the wine is pumped from cask to cask as often as possible during the whole period. The wine under this process gives off an immense volume of gas, which is highly inflammable, and is extremely dangerous to the workmen, and not only loses in bulk to a considerable extent, but changes totally in character—body, color, flavor, and bouquet, all becoming of a different kind. The Sherry ripens under this treatment first, the Madeira requiring from ninety to one hundred days to fully ripen ready for market. The change is complete when the casks come out of the chamber, but age gives tone and mellowness to the wine, which will continue to improve for years.

☞ A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread to within half an inch of some water contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will, in a few months, burst, and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing in this way on a mantle-shelf of a room, is a very interesting object.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

POULTRY pick feathers off each other's necks for the purpose of getting the blood contained in the end of the quill. A plenty of chopped fresh meat fed to them will stop it at once.—*Country Gentleman.*

A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF EGGS.—A neighbor of our state says that hog's lard is the best thing he can find to mix in with the dough he gives to his hens. He says that one cut of this fat as large as a walnut will set a hen to laying immediately after she has been broken up from setting, and that by feeding them with the fat occasionally, his hens continue to lay through the whole winter.—*South Carolinian.*

HEATING VALUES OF DIFFERENT WOODS.—We publish the following, which is set down by competent judges as the relative heating values of the various kinds of American woods used for heating purposes or producing steam. At this time of year, when citizens are forced by reason of the scarcity of coal to purchase wood in extra quantities, this will doubtless be of value to those not already posted: Shellbark hickory being taken as the highest standard, 100; pignut hickory, 95; white oak, 75; white hazel, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 69; black walnut, 66; white beech, 65; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 50; yellow poplar, 52; butternut, 52; white birch, 40; white pine, 42.

EGGS IN WINTER.

Hens will lay about as well in winter as in summer, if "circumstances" permit. To produce eggs well, fowls must be *comfortable*, and must have animal food. When the ground is open, and worms and insects abound, they get their own materials. They must have gravel to keep their grist-mills in good working order, and lime to make the shells. Sometimes a hen drops a shell-less egg, but she is ashamed of the skinny, unprotected thing, and seldom does it twice. Sometimes she will drop an egg where its life is sure to be frozen out, but her instinct teaches her better, and she stops doing so, if possible. Here is the whole secret of having plenty of eggs all winter, as eggs will sell well this year, owing to the high price of meats, we advise attention to the matter:

1. Give the fowls *some* warm, thoroughly sheltered place of retreat, and keep it clean. Take out all the drippings at least once a week; they are excellent guano, worth half the cost of the food.

2. Let them have unfrozen water always accessible. Semi-fluid eggs cannot be made out of dry grain.

3. Hens are not gluttons. Let them have grain in abundance, and they will eat only what they need.

4. Provide a wide box of gravel, earth, sand, ashes, and old plaster, or finely-broken oyster shells, for them to roll in, and to pick out such materials as they require.

5. Give them two or three times a week, if not daily, a moderate supply of *fresh* meat, (never any salt.) Nothing comes amiss—bits of cartilage, intestines, any waste scraps. They will pick bones very clean. We depend upon a cake of scraps from the bone or glue boiler's. The hard scrap cakes, of 50 to 100 lbs. each, which are sold at ¾ to 1¼ cents a pound, are just the thing. This material does not decay, and the hens amuse and feed themselves by picking off little bits from time to time. The waste vegetables, clippings from cabbages, potato skins, cold potatoes left over are relished by the poultry, and turned to account.

Useful Receipts.

A POLISH FOR MARBLE.—A cake of white wax, melted in a pipkin, with a little spirit of turpentine to make it about the consistency of cream-cheese or fresh butter, will greatly assist in keeping up the brilliancy of the marble polish. This is smeared on a little woolen cloth, and made use of as an occasional rubber during the housemaid's operations.

TO REMOVE IRON-MOULD.—Dr. Thomson recommends that the part stained should be remoistened with ink, and this removed by the use of muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times its weight of water, when the old and new stain will be simultaneously removed.

TO PERFUME CLOTHES.—Cloves in coarse powder, 1 ounce; cassia, 1 ounce; lavender-flowers, 1 ounce; lemon-peel, 1 ounce.—Mix and put them into little bags, and place them where the clothes are kept, or wrap the clothes round them. They will keep off insects.

CRANBERRY TART.—Wash the berries in a pan of water, rejecting all the bad ones; simmer them till they become soft and burst open; strain through a fine wire sieve, removing all the hulls; add sugar to the taste; bake on a thick under-crust in a moderate oven.

MAKING BREAD.—The secret of having good bread is to make sure that it is thoroughly kneaded, so as to bring every grain of flour in contact with its equivalent grain of water, and to diffuse the yeast uniformly throughout the mass, or else the resulting gas will be liberated in excess in one spot, and not at all in another. This is seen in badly kneaded loaves—in the holes they contain, and in a crust that easily detaches from the crumb, as though it had been lifted up by internal force. The air-cells in a well kneaded loaf are fine and uniform at the same time. If the flour and yeast are decidedly good, and the kneading decidedly bad, the bread will give satisfaction. On the other hand, good kneading, good moulding, and good baking, will make a second or third rate quality of flour almost equal to the best.

VICTORIA PUDDING.—This is a most excellent pudding, when well made, but requires care in its preparation, and should be made the day before it is wanted. Make a custard with four eggs, one pint of milk, and ½ of an ounce of isinglass, flavoring it with vanilla and brandy; the vanilla should be cut into small pieces, tied up in a muslin bag and boiled in the milk; the brandy should be added when cold—a very small quantity of the latter is sufficient. Let the custard get quite cold, when it will become thick and lumpy. Dip a jelly-mould into cold water, and with a spoon arrange the custard in the design at the bottom of the mould, carefully filling all the holes. Slice some penny sponge-cakes in halves, dip them in sherry or Marsala, and then place them in layers in the centre of the mould with preserves (either strawberry or raspberry) between each layer, filling up in the meanwhile the space between the cake and the mould with custard, so that when turned out the custard appears as a crust around it. It should remain in the cold for at least twelve hours to stiffen. Turn it out on a dish and garnish with strawberry jelly.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 27, 7, 14, is an adverb.
My 3, 16, 26, is what we all have to do.
My 19, 20, 21, 18, 17, 24, 13, 12, is what we all like to enjoy.
My 28, 24, 34, 3, 22, 15, is the name of a day in the week.
My 32, 31, 13, 4, 9, is the name of one of the months of the year.
My 25, 30, 1, is the name of an animal.
My 29, 33, 7, 27, is also an animal.
My 11, 32, 20, 12, is a story.
My 11, 5, 14, 20, 15, is a girl's name.
My 33, 25, 23, 27, is a kind of metal.
My 27, 2, 17, 26, is something that we all have.
My 6, 12, 5, 1, is what we all have.
My 11, 6, 5, 20, 3, is the staff of life.
My 19, 10, 12, is something that is good to eat.

My whole were the last words of a leader among the Greeks, who fell during their Revolution.

Fairville, Iowa. J. Z. ROMER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in vain, but not in proud.
My 2nd is in noisy, but not in loud.
My 3rd is in cream, but not in milk.
My 4th is in cotton, but not in silk.
My 5th is in love, but not in hate.
My 6th is in fortune, but not in fate.
My 7th is in head, but not in face.
My 8th is in Union, but not in peace.
My 9th is in girl, but not in lass.
My 10th is in clover, but not in grass.

My whole was a writer of wondrous worth,
Bright, sunny France was the land of his birth;
From his island of exile he looked each day,
On that which far in the distance lay.
For though his heart might over it yearn,
To the land of his birth he might not return.

Poplar Ridge, N. Y. F. G.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st signifies to immerse.
My 2nd is an article.
My 3rd is a kind of grain.
My 4th is an article.

My whole prevails to considerable extent in the Western states.

Elba, Minnesota. C. JONES.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the diameter of a circle which has the following property, viz.: The number of acres in its area are equal to the number of rods in the side of a square inscribed in it in such a manner that the angles of the square shall be in the circumference of the circle?

Scott Co., Iowa. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM FOR NAVIGATORS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A privateer sails from a certain port South 51 degrees East, at the rate of 8 miles an hour. A war ship started in pursuit from another port, 7 miles North-East of the first, sails at the rate of 10 miles an hour. What must be the course of the war ship to meet the privateer without a change in the direction of either?

Carroll Co., Md. D. E.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What is the difference between the American eagle and a rebel army panic-stricken? Ans.—The former has its "centre" supported by its "right and left wings" in its flight, and the latter hasn't.

☞ What kind of ladies' gaiters are most durable? Ans.—*Lasting* gaiters, of course.

☞ What great deeds of William Tell and Joshua of old bear resemblance to each other? Ans.—Commanding the sun (sun) to stand still, and being obeyed.

☞ Why are woolen hose like a cattle-grower's sheds? Ans.—Because they serve to protect the *calves* from exposure.

South Bend, Ind. W. H. M.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where.

ENIGMA.—"It never rains but it pours." CHARADE.—Fir-tree. CHARADE.—Insurgents (Inn-sir-gents).

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, published December 12th, 1863.—

3 3 0 7 7 3 0 1 5 3 6 8 3 6 7 8 7 4 6 0 0 0
3 3 9 4 5 8 7 3 8 5 0 2 2 2 3 1 4 1 5 9

Gill Bates, Reuben Barto and Artemas Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens published December 12th.—The solidity of the segment seen by the squirrel is 3-1231 of the solidity of the globe, or 3.147 cubic feet. The surface of the segment seen by the squirrel is 1-22 of the surface of the globe, or 14.26 square feet. The distance from the point on which he stands to the most distant point seen is 2.14 feet.—Reuben Barto, Gill Bates, Artemas Martin and Morgan Stevens.